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Volume CCXLII No. 3135

THE SPHERE

LONDON, July 2, 1960

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Illustrated Newspapers Group

With which are incorporated *The Graphic* and *Black & White*

MR. MACMILLAN AT OXFORD

As Chancellor of Oxford University, Mr. Macmillan walks in procession to the Sheldonian Theatre. His page and train-bearer is his grandson, Alexander. He is wearing his robe of heavy black brocaded silk with gold lace trimmings and doffing his black velvet cap with gold tassel. The occasion was the recently-elected Chancellor's first Encænia, one of the University's most elaborate annual ceremonies. In the Sheldonian Theatre, before a gathering of the heads of houses, doctors, professors and other members of the University in full academic dress, Mr. Macmillan conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Law on fourteen distinguished public figures. It is traditional that for his first Encænia, the Chancellor shall compile his own list of those to be honoured. Mr. Macmillan chose, among others, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, his Foreign Secretary; the Earl of Home, Lord President of the Council and Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations; the Archbishop of York; and Mr. T. S. R. Boase, President of Magdalen and Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University

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NEWS SUMMARY

The two Communisms; why Bank Rate was increased; prelude to the U.S. Democratic Convention; new states in Africa

INTERNATIONAL

As anticipated in this column last week, the Congress of the Rumanian Communist Party in **Bucharest** turned out to be much more than a national affair. Mr. Khrushchev was attended by the Secretaries-General of almost all the Communist parties of his Satellites and used the occasion to reiterate his theories on Communism. Chinese spokesmen retaliated in articles and speeches on the tenth anniversary of the outbreak of the Korean war. In some cases, with Oriental subtlety, the arch-heretic Tito was chosen as the object of attack, but it was not difficult for the reader to see that in most passages "Khrushchev" should be substituted for "Tito."

The doctrinal controversy between **Pekin** and **Moscow** would be academic for non-Communists if it did not have an aspect which could be of vital importance to the whole world. The two rival schools of thought can be termed Fundamentalist and Modernist. The Fundamentalists (exemplified by Mao Tse-tung) hold as sacrosanct the Marx-Lenin exposition of revolution and war against Capitalism leading to the triumph of Communism. The Modernists (led by Mr. Khrushchev) maintain, with quotations from Lenin, that since the triumph of Communism is inevitable in any case, war may not be necessary to achieve it. Communists must move with the times and their objective can be achieved through "peaceful co-existence" (which can be taken to mean all forms of competition short of war). There are, of course, some Fundamentalists in Russia and, no doubt, some Modernists in China. The failure of the Summit is generally regarded as a victory for the Fundamentalists.

Last Monday's news of the walk-out of the five Soviet bloc delegates from the ten-power disarmament conference in **Geneva** had to be fitted into the ideological framework. First reports indicated that it was not a tactical move (i.e., with the possibility of a return to the conference table) but a strategic one, and therefore final. Mr. Zorin, the chief Russian representative, announced that the Soviet Union proposed to raise the whole question of general disarmament in the United Nations Assembly. (The U.N. Assembly was responsible for setting up the Geneva Conference.) Those in the West who are familiar with the Soviet Prime Minister's methods assumed that he was intending: (*a*) to show the world forum that Russia was the only great power "genuinely" desiring disarmament; and (*b*) deliver a rebuff in this respect to the United States and, by implication, to China, which is not a member of the U.N.

GREAT BRITAIN

In a speech at **Shaldon,** in Devonshire, last Saturday, Mr. Heathcoat Amory said that the object of the recent increase in Bank rate (to six per cent.) "is not to stifle expansion but to ensure that it proceeds at an even and not excessive rate." The Chancellor declared that the public would have to get used to fairly frequent changes in Bank rate and credit restrictions to avoid the slumps and booms of pre-war days. "We have had the benefit of a stable cost of living for more than two years and that is the way we want to keep it. My job is not to take risks with the national economy."

On the same day in a speech at **Hull,** Mr. Gaitskell attacked the Government's economic policy. He said expansion had been encouraged before the election but "after the election it's a different story. The expansion has become too dangerous and so it has to be stopped." In the result, Mr. Gaitskell declared, public services, such as schools, hospitals and housing programmes, were among the main sufferers. Other Labour leaders last week-end also turned their attention from their internal party disputes to various aspects of national and international affairs.

FRANCE

After nearly six years of war, envoys from the Algerian Nationalists and representatives of the French Government met last Sunday round a table in the prefecture of **Melun,** near Paris. Their task was to "pioneer" a way by which full-scale negotiations might be started so that hostilities could end. The talks at Melun were being held in the strictest secrecy, but it was believed President de Gaulle had instructed his delegates that the conversations must be confined to a possible armistice and guarantees for the safety of members of the Nationalist forces. The question of how Algeria is eventually to determine for itself its own future was not to be discussed. If the F.L.N. would accept these conditions and not press for recognition as the representatives of the Algerian people, the first stage in the preliminary talks would be arrangement of the size of respective delegations in the full-scale parleys, and their time and venue. Meanwhile objections to the presence of F.L.N. delegates in France were being expressed by French right wing leaders such as M. Soustelle and by settlers' organisations in Algeria.

A week after **Mali** (Senegal-Soudan) achieved independence, another French African state, **Madagascar,** became a Sovereign Republic. These new African countries will maintain close relations with France within the broad framework of the French Community.

THE UNITED STATES

The Democratic candidates for the Presidential election are on the last lap before the Party's Convention on July 11. Over the last few weeks, those still in the race have been counting heads, reckoning how many delegates from the various states are committed in advance to their support. Speaking in **New York,** Senator John Kennedy made one of the most forthright speeches ever uttered in Presidential campaigns since the war. He said that he hoped to win in Los Angeles "without a single Southern vote in the convention," although the South is traditionally where the Party's voting strength lies. His speech was an uncompromising stand for a liberalism which would extend the social welfare programmes of Franklin Roosevelt and Harry Truman, and "for equal opportunity for all men, regardless of race, creed or colour."

In **Washington,** the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate concluded that the U.S. flight over Russia on May 1 should not have taken place. It was "ill-timed in the absence of compelling reasons to the contrary." The committee found that, in the final period after May 1, co-ordination between the various agencies of the Government had broken down. What was lacking was direction. "If this direction," the report continued, "is not to come from the White House, then it ought to be made clear that it is to come from the State Department."

VENEZUELA

In **Caracas,** President Betancourt was injured in an attempt on his life as he was being driven through the streets to take part in celebrations of Army Day. Dynamite exploded by remote control in a nearby parked car showered the presidential cavalcade with flaming fragments. Señor Betancourt suffered burns on his hands and face, his car was burnt out, and a presidential guard was killed and the chief military aide severely injured. Broadcasting from hospital last week-end, President Betancourt accused the former Venezuelan dictator, Perez Jimenez, who was ousted last year, of responsibility for the attempted assassination. Also accused of being implicated in the attempt was "the dictatorship of the Dominican Republic."

SOMALIA

On June 26 **British Somaliland** (a Protectorate of the U.K. since 1887) achieved independence. The hand-over of power was celebrated with pomp and pageantry, even though the 600,000 inhabitants in their territory, covering an area of about 68,000 sq. miles, would enjoy this particular status for no more than five days. According to agreed plans, the former British Somaliland was to unite with neighbouring Somalia on July 1, the date when the former Italian colony held in trust by Italy from U.N. since the war was to be granted independence in its turn. Somalia has an area of some 220,000 sq. miles and a population of 1,300,000.

The state formed by the union of the two countries was expected to be divided into three regions, with the national capital at Mogadishu. Many problems would have to be faced in the immediate future. There were differences in the legal codes of Somaliland and Somalia and in the police, customs and tax regulations. The great mass of the populations consists of nomads living outside the urban centres. While there seemed to be no lack of politicians and parties, doubts were expressed in some quarters about the immediate formation of a competent administrative class, especially in the higher grades. Elsewhere in the Horn of Africa there were fears that the latest recruit to the world's independent states might pursue the dream of "Greater Somalia." This envisages incorporating parts of French Somaliland, Ethiopia and Northern Kenya into Somalia. Such a policy would certainly be strongly opposed by the three border states concerned. On the eve of Somalian Independence there were signs of the long-standing frontier dispute with Ethiopia over the Ethiopian Haud territory flaring up again and in the north the authorities in French Somaliland were reported to have sealed their border.

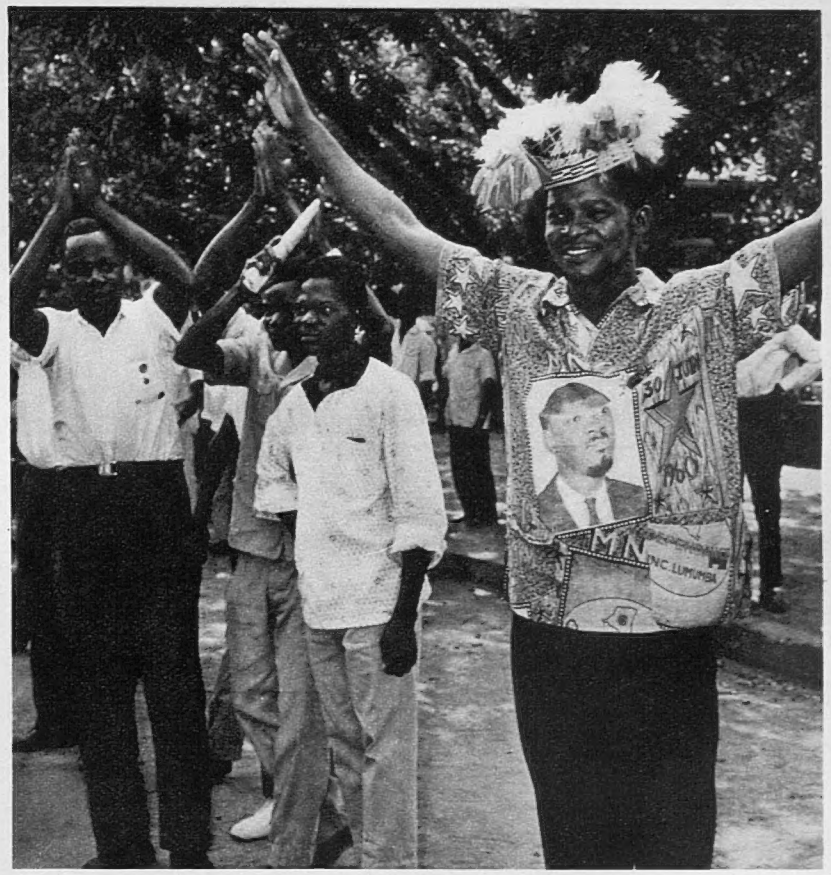
IN BRIEF

Yugoslav and Greek representatives were expected to meet in **Belgrade** this week to discuss their relations in light of the virtual abrogation of the Balkan Pact. Turkey was the other member in this tripartite agreement signed in 1954. There has been no formal meeting of the Powers for five years. It was anticipated Yugoslavia and Greece would form a bilateral alliance.

At **Niagara Falls,** the Mayor of Moscow, Mr. Bobrovnikov, and the Mayor of Ottawa, Mr. Nelson, were spattered with egg. The thrower was arrested with the help of Hugh O'Brien, an actor well known in America for his television role as a Western sheriff. . . . It was announced from **Hollywood** that Mr. Anthony Nutting, who resigned from Sir Anthony Eden's Government over the Suez crisis, has been appointed Public Relations Assistant to Mr. Sam Spiegel, the film producer. He will assist in the filming of *Lawrence of Arabia* in the Middle East.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

LEADERS OF THE CONGO SHAKE HANDS: MR. KASAVUBU (LEFT) AND MR. LUMUMBA

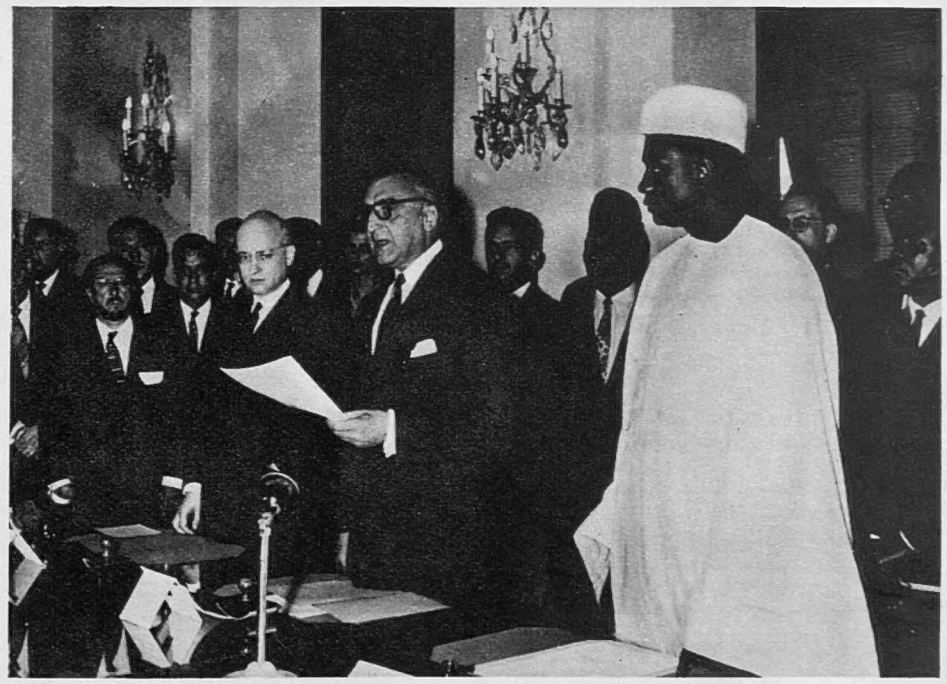


MR. LUMUMBA'S SUPPORTERS CELEBRATE AFTER THEIR LEADER BECOMES CONGO'S FIRST PRIME MINISTER

Maître Ahmed Boumendjel, Director of Information for the F.L.N., arrived in France last week. He was leading the Algerian Nationalists' delegation in the preliminary talks with the French authorities on ending the war in Algeria. The conversations were opened at Melun, thirty miles south-east of Paris. Maître Boumendjel was formerly a Deputy in the French Parliament and member of the Paris Bar

ALGERIAN DELEGATE IN PARIS

Far right: During the ceremony in Dakar of the proclamation of the independence of Mali, M. Louis Jacquinot, Minister of State, reads a message sent from President de Gaulle. Next to him on left is M. Foyer, State Secretary to the French Community, and on right M. Modibo Keita, Prime Minister of the new state, which combines the territories of Senegal and Soudan



PROCLAMATION OF INDEPENDENCE FOR AN AFRICAN STATE

General Douglas MacArthur shakes hands with the Japanese Consul General in New York, Mr. Mitsuo Tanaka. The eighty-year-old General is wearing the Grand Cordon of the Order of the Rising Sun, which had been presented to him by the command of Emperor Hirohito of Japan. This is the highest honour which Japan can confer on a foreigner for services to Japan who is not a head of state

JAPAN HONOURS GENERAL MacARTHUR

Far right: During his three-day official visit to the Austrian capital, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd had a number of talks with Dr. Kreisky, the Austrian Foreign Minister. In a television interview the British Foreign Secretary said that among the subjects being discussed were East-West relations and Britain's economic relations with Europe. (Austria is a member of the Seven in the European Free Trade Association)

TWO FOREIGN MINISTERS TALK IN VIENNA

THE PROTOTYPE CUSHIONCRAFT DESIGNED TO TRANSPORT BANANAS

Designed and built by Britten-Norman Limited, the prototype Cushioncraft was demonstrated at Bembridge, in the Isle of Wight. Mr. Desmond Norman (foreground) and Mr. John Britten, the co-designers, are seen with their machine. The craft rose well clear of the floor of the hangar in which the demonstration took place, and moved forwards and sideways. It was stated that more work will be necessary before full-scale tests can be carried out. The Cushioncraft has been built in order to study its potential for use in banana transportation in Africa, at the request of Elders and Fyffes. The circular craft has a diameter of about 19 ft., and is designed to rise from 12 to 15 ins. above ground or water. Somewhat similar in appearance to the Hovercraft, the Cushioncraft is powered by a Coventry Climax car engine

DRAWINGS OF THE TWIN SATELLITES LAUNCHED ON ONE ROCKET BY THE U.S.

The twin satellites were launched from Cape Canaveral by the U.S. Navy using a Thor-Able-Star rocket, to go into a nearly circular orbit round the earth. They were separated by means of a spring and now travel together with the smaller satellite just ahead of its companion. The larger satellite, named Transit 2A, is the second of a series designed to provide a navigation system for ships. When all of them are in orbit the apparent rise and fall of their radio signals will enable the ship's navigator to determine his position. The smaller satellite carries instruments to measure solar radiation. Their orbits take in much of Russia. The launching of more than one satellite is not new: both the U.S. and Russia have launched rockets whose final stages have gone into orbit along with their instrument packages. But it was the first time that the United States had launched twin satellites, both capable of transmitting signals to the earth

FIRST PUBLIC DEMONSTRATION IN BRITAIN OF THE MALKARA ANTI-TANK MISSILE

An Australian Malkara anti-tank guided missile flies low over the ground on its way to hit its target during the demonstration at the Royal Armoured Corps Centre at Lulworth, in Dorset. It is easily visible in flight, and has two flares trailing from its stubby wings. The first missile hit a tank hulk at a range of 1,300 yards and the second a moving canvas target at a range of 1,800 yards. An Australian Government project, the Malkara flies relatively slowly and is controlled by wires that pay out until it hits its target. This has to be visible to the Malkara's crew. Since it is highly mobile, it can be directed on to a target which might take violent evasive action or even be re-directed should a better target be found

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

During the Royal visit to the Royal Highland Show at Inglis-ton, Edinburgh, the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh watch a demonstration of sheep-shearing by the world champion shearer, Mr. Godfrey Bowen, of New Zealand. When he was pre-sented to the Queen and the Duke, they recalled meeting him in New Zealand in 1954. Nearly 15,000 people gave an enthusiastic welcome as the Royal car turned into the grounds of Ingliston, at the start of the five-hour visit by the Queen and Prince Philip. In an informal atmosphere, they visited many of the stands and exhibitions ranging from carpet weaving to agricultural imple-ments. Prince Philip also visited schools in Edinburgh to see displays for his Award Scheme

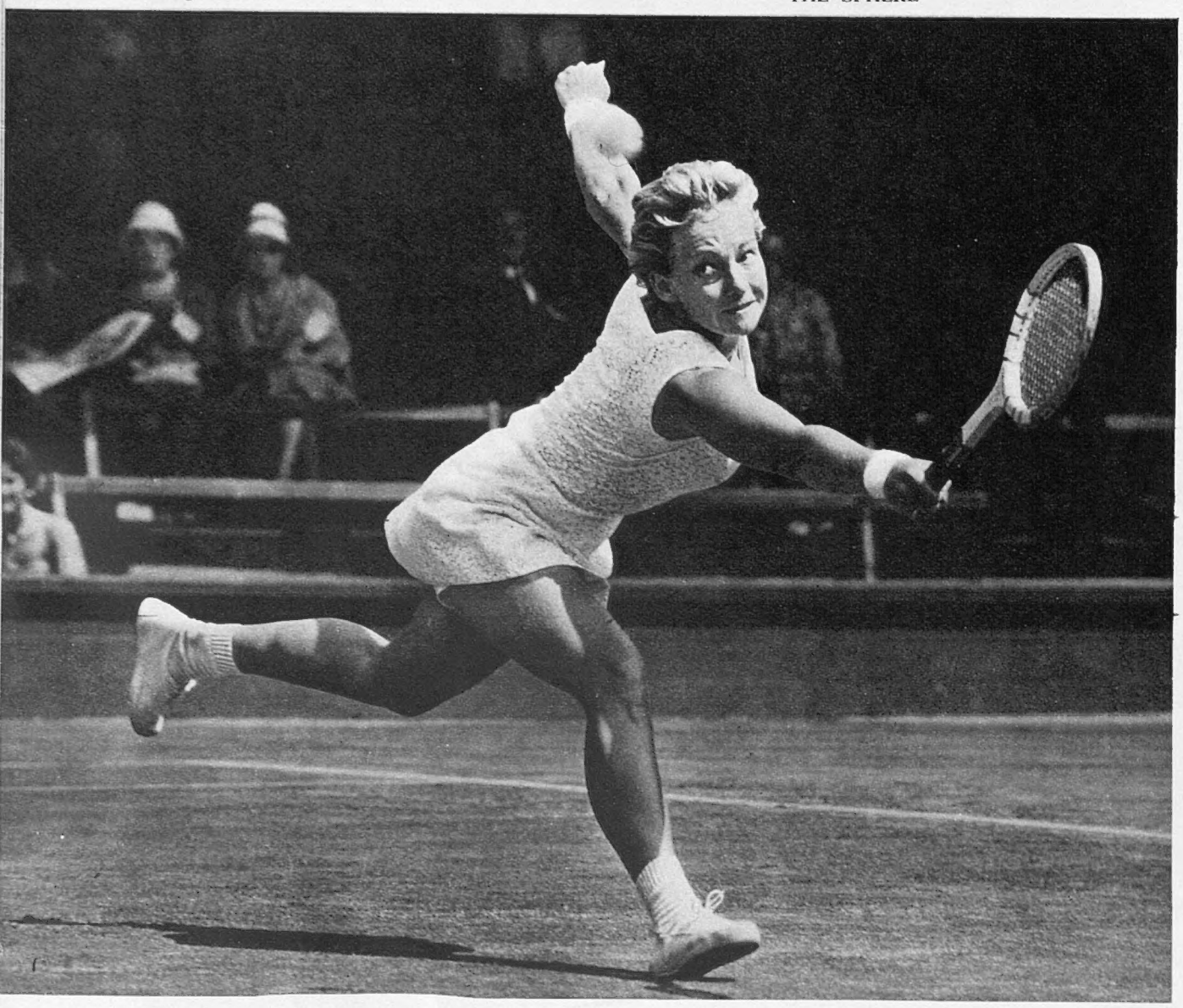
THE ROYAL VISIT TO EDINBURGH

SIR JACOB EPSTEIN'S IMPRESSIVE GROUP FOR COVENTRY CATHEDRAL

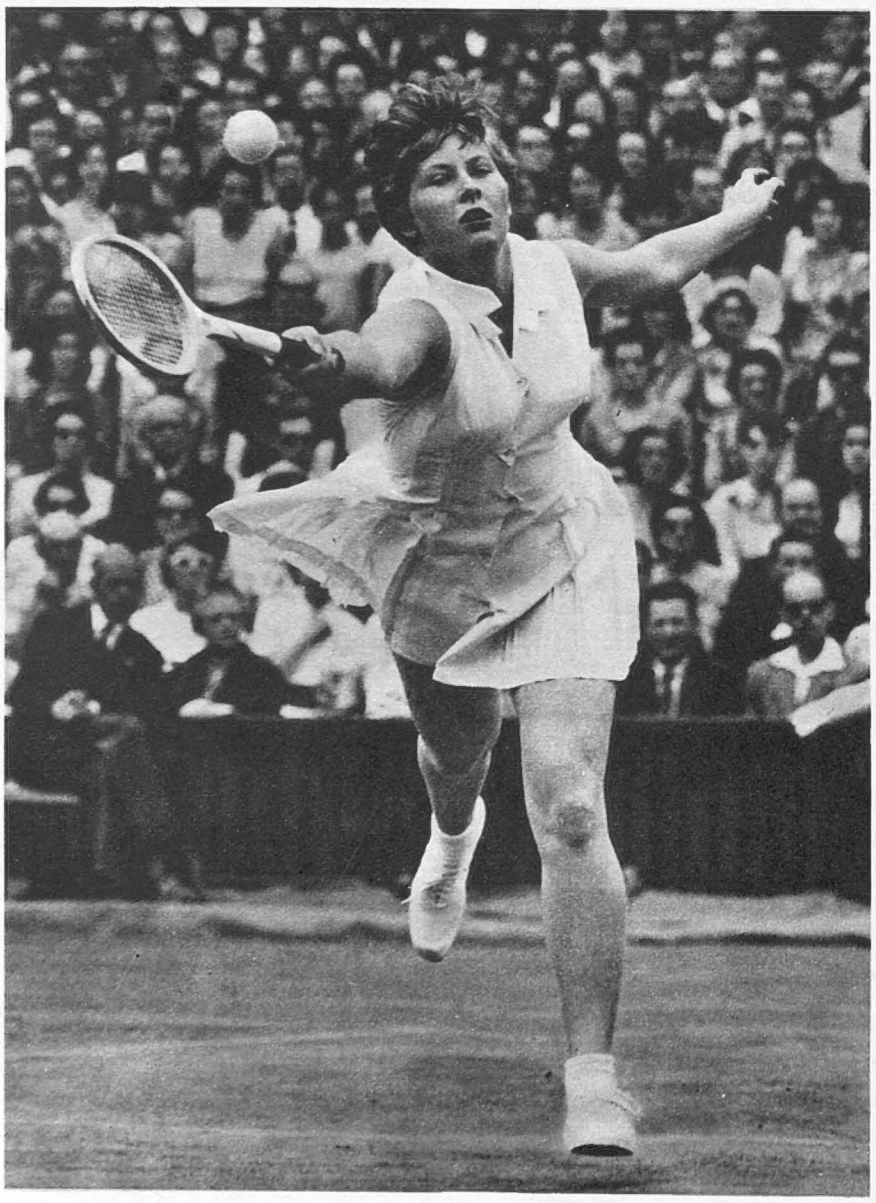
On the exterior wall of the new Coventry Cathedral, overlook-ing the steps leading up to the porch, a huge bronze group by Sir Jacob Epstein is fixed in position. An idea of the size of the group is given by the height of the man standing below. Lady Epstein, the widow of the sculptor, unveiled the work last week. It represents St. Michael, the archangel, in conflict with the Devil. The main figure is 25 ft. high and the group weighs about 5 tons. One of the last sculptures to be completed by Sir Jacob Epstein before his death last summer, the group is one of the finest of his controversial career. In accordance with his wishes it was not photographed before it had been placed in position on the Cathedral's wall. Saint Michael is the patron saint of the Cathedral and its great "West" window (geographically speaking the South) will include Saint Michael in the central position of the great expanse of glass, the design for which is the work of John Hutton. Leading British artists are contributing work to the remarkable and extra-ordinarily impressive building. Graham Sutherland has designed the tapestry, the biggest in the world, which is to hang behind the High Altar. The baptistery window, behind the font, has been designed by John Piper. It is hoped the Cathedral will be completed and ready for Con-secration by the summer of 1962

WIMBLEDON 1960

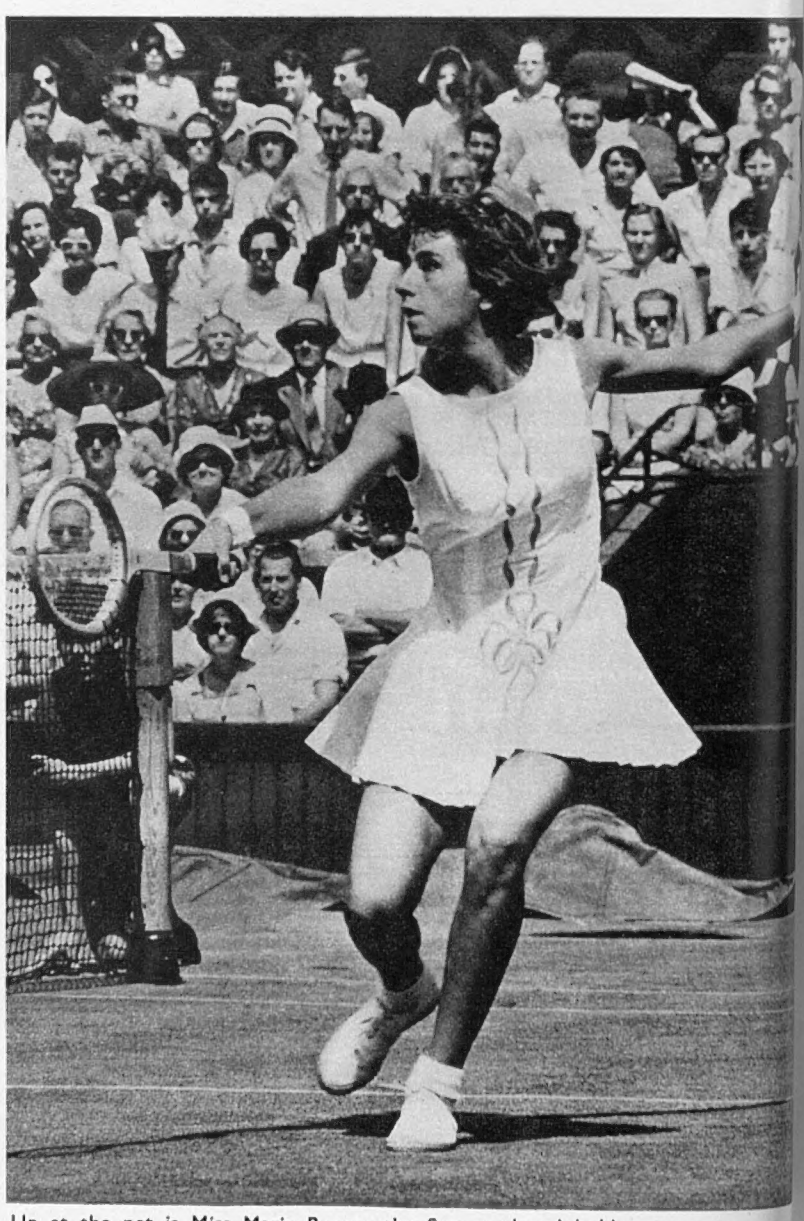
The lawn tennis championships, having opened in garden party weather, with a hot sun beating down on the green lawns, ran into rain-storms over last week-end. This promised exciting matches later on the outside courts and large crowds. (In the wet year of 1958, crowds were bigger than usual during the second week because key matches had to be played on courts other than the Centre court.) At the official half-way stage, the seeding committee had a great deal of justification in feeling pleased with themselves. Only one of their sixteen seeds in the men's and women's singles had failed to qualify for the quarter-finals. This was despite the fact that Wimbledon this year had been called one of the most open to be played for a long time. Next year, their task may well be more difficult, if, as many critics at the Championships seemed to think, Wimbledon sees the appearance of professional tennis players. Negotiations have been going on for a long time, and should they bear fruit, the winner this year of the men's singles may be the last of the amateur champions. Disappointingly but as usual, this will not be a British player, as all of them disappeared early in the proceedings. In the women's singles, Miss Truman survived her match last Saturday against Mrs. Knode to reach the quarter-finals with two other British players, Angela Mortimer and Ann Haydon.



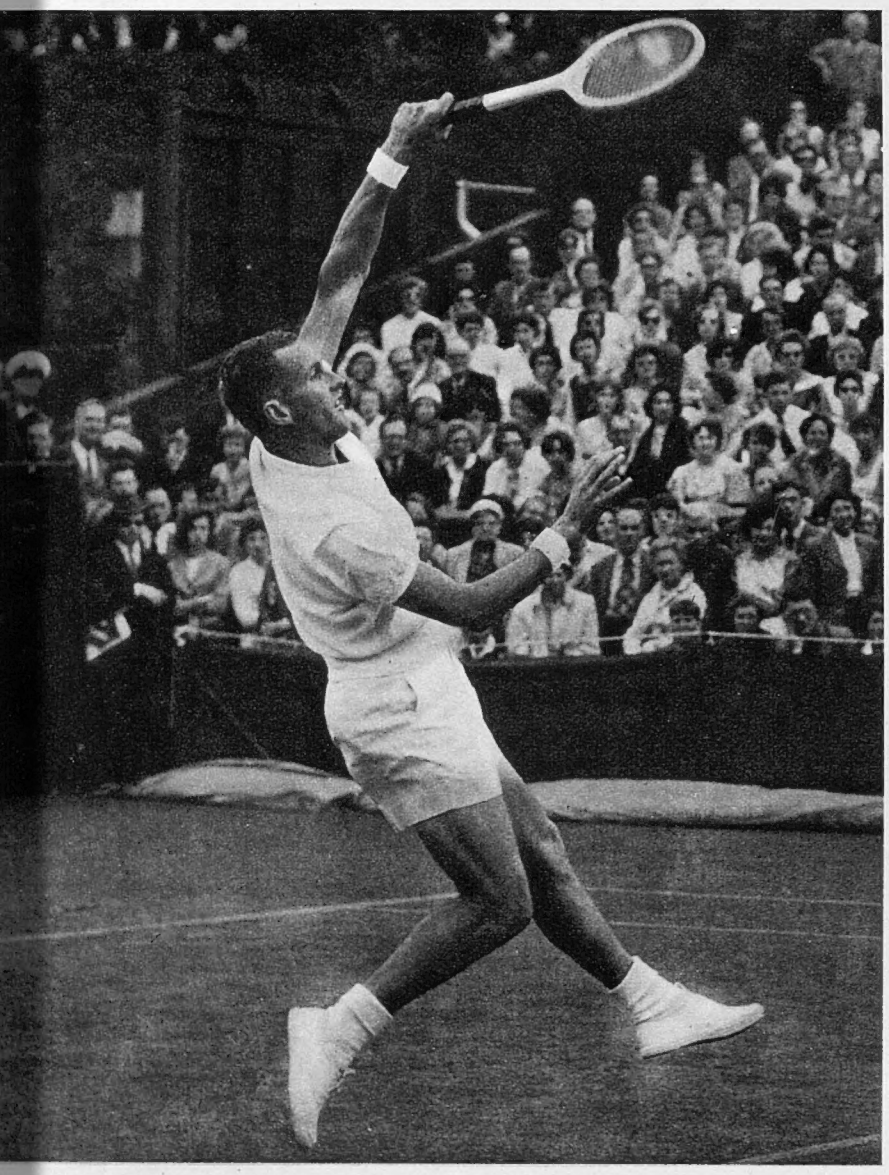
Miss Darlene Hard, the second seed in the women's singles, gets to a back-hand volley while defeating Miss Ann Shilcock



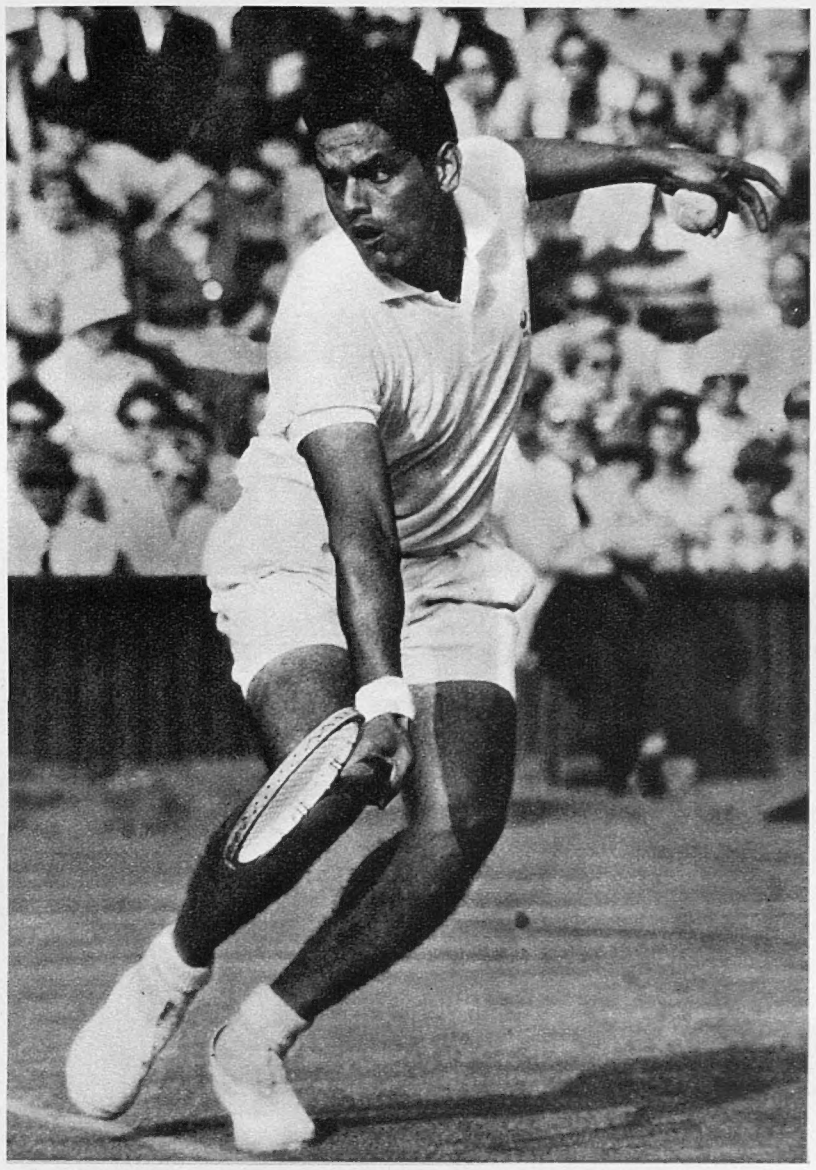
Miss Christine Truman, the third seed, volleys in her match against Mrs. Knode



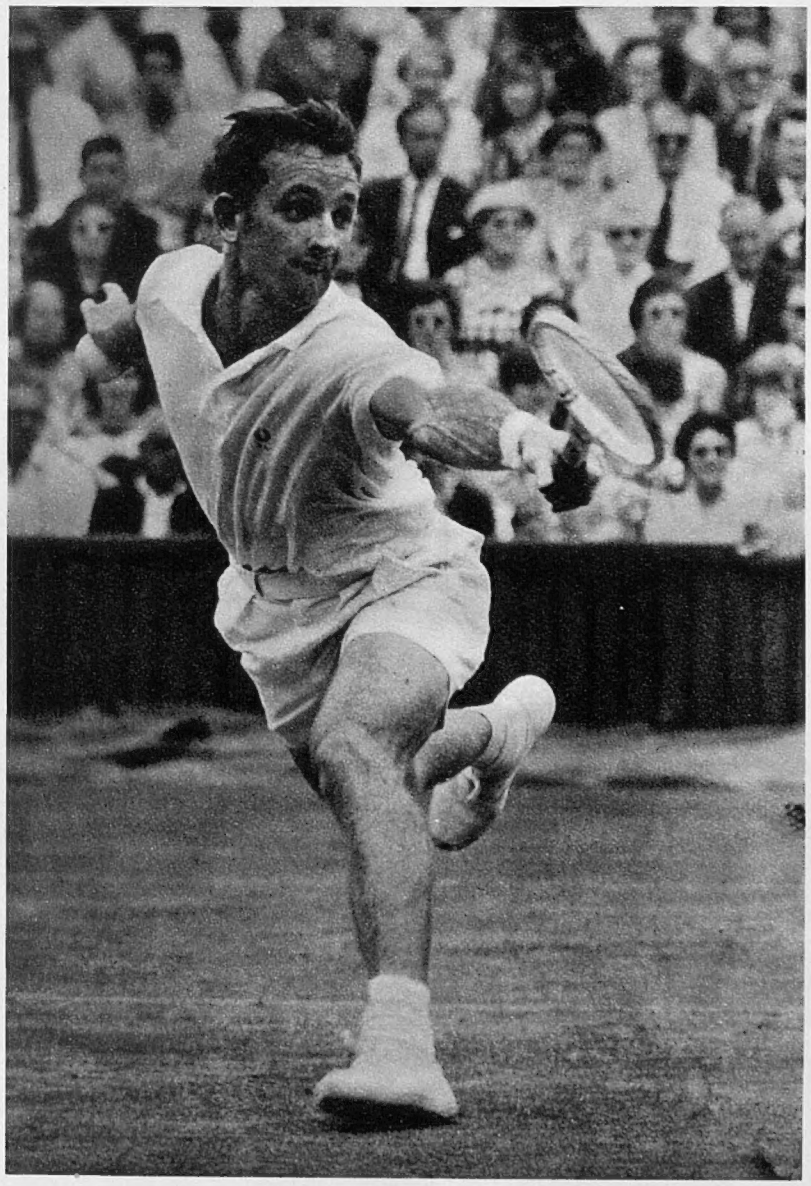
Up at the net is Miss Maria Bueno, the first seed and holder



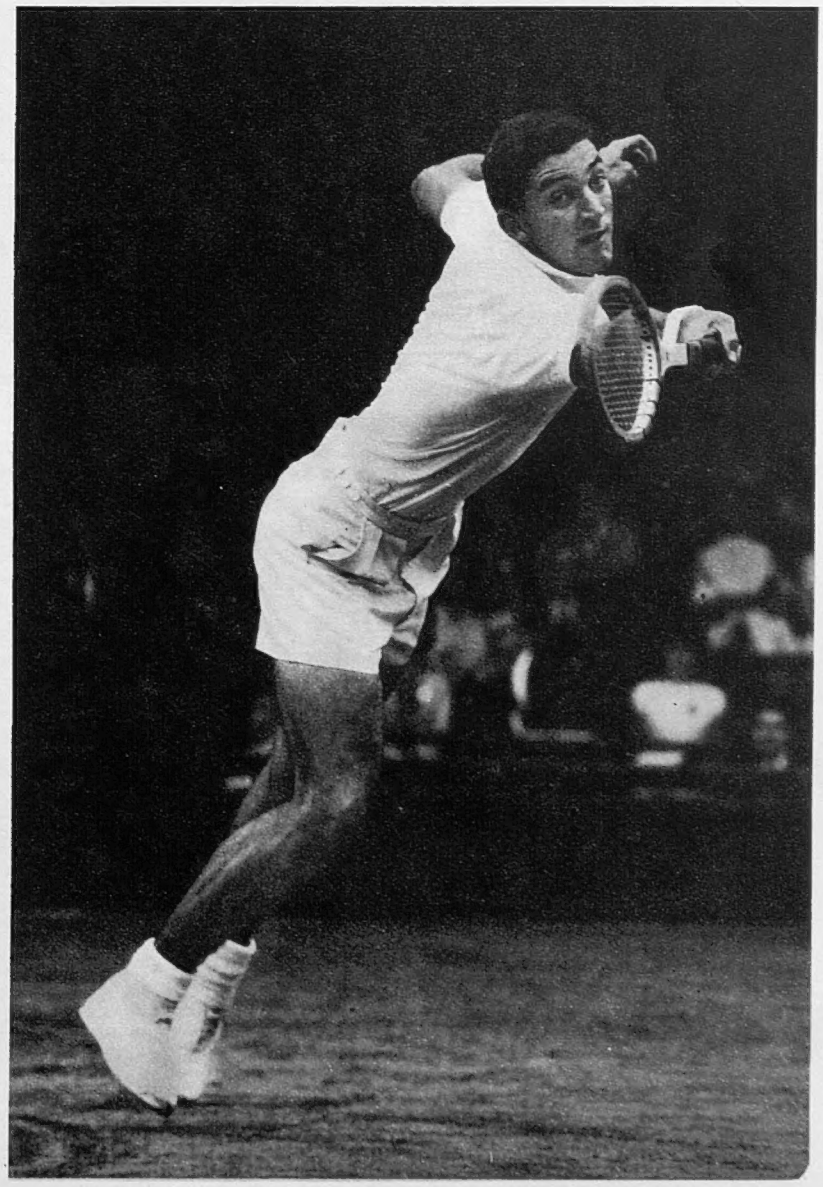
A smash by Neale Fraser, the first seed in the men's singles



R. Krishnan, seeded No. 7, in play during his long match with A. Gimeno



Rod Laver, seeded No. 3, plays a backhand in one of his matches on the Centre court



On his way to the quarter-finals—Barry Mackay, the second seed

JOHN CONNELL

A MAJOR DEFEAT IN THE FAR EAST

The Far Eastern experts in the State Department will have to perform—indeed they ought by now to have begun—an exercise in vigorous and radical rethinking, beside which the British Labour Party's activities in this field must appear timorous and ineffective. Or must some time be allowed to elapse? Are American feelings and opinions still too confused and dazed by defeat?

Of the violence and magnitude of the defeat that has been suffered there can be no doubt whatever. It can be considered from various aspects. First, it is only the latest of a succession of hammer-blows which American self-confidence has had to endure in recent months: the repeated proofs that the Soviet Union has overhauled and outpaced the United States in the interconnected fields of technical research and development in defence and in the conquest of space; then the appalling fiasco of the Summit Conference that was not, and the accompanying shameful torrent of insults and abuse poured out on President Eisenhower; and now the humiliation of the abandonment of the President's visit to Japan.

It is easy enough to argue that in persisting in going on with this ill-omened enterprise, until the Japanese Government themselves had to say that they could not guarantee his security, the President showed himself to be the prisoner of his own just mistakes, and the victim of unrealistic and foolish advice. But the consequences of blunders at this level, and on this scale, can be formidable indeed. Internally, in the opinion of a good many people who know the United States very well, the chances of a Republican victory in the Presidential election have sharply diminished. For, although there is spontaneous and widespread sympathy with the President himself in the shame and insults to which he has had to submit, he, after all, is not a candidate in the election. It is extremely unlikely that, in the rough mill of American politics, the same generosity and consideration will be extended to his Party and its nominee.

Mr. Kishi sits smiling in Tokyo early on the day when the U.S.-Japanese Security Treaty became effective

The damage done to Eisenhower's historical reputation is bound to be severe. Would he not have served himself, and probably his country, better if he had not accepted nomination eight years ago? During his two terms of office, he has had to contend with enormous and complex difficulties, particularly in the fields in which he himself was supposed to be expert, defence and foreign policy. He has not contended very well. His score-card is studded with near misses, narrow escapes from disaster, sudden changes of course, and naïve misjudgments of men and events. He will go down in history as a supremely well-meaning, but not very enlightened, not very adroit and not very successful President. Benevolent intentions, in that office, are by no means enough.

Almost all the President's faults, which inevitably express themselves in policy, were exemplified in his Far Eastern tour. Originally his visit to Tokyo had been intended as a halt on his way back from Moscow. When his Russian trip was abandoned, the journey to Japan was not obviously necessary. Though to my mind *The Economist* is a little too brutal in condemning the President's " taste for trivial peregrination, " I do believe that, after his sad, fruitless visit to Paris, it would have been much better if he had sat quietly at home in Gettysburg, doing some hard, concentrated thinking. For signs of the capacity for detached appreciation, of foresight, and of considered and balanced judgment, have been conspicuously lacking in the conduct of American external policy in recent months. Mr. Herter has done his quiet, assiduous best; but in all matters calling for Presidential control and decision, there has been ineptness and fumbling, and it is not insignificant that the Secretary of State kindly shouldered the blame for the Tokyo trip.

Very few people in authority in Washington were, it seems, alert to the dangerous deterioration in Japanese-American relations, or aware of the depth, extent and tenacity of the campaign against the revised defence treaty. Whether that campaign would have had so violent a climax if the agitators and trouble-makers had not had the obvious emotional focus of the President's intended visit is debatable. The defence treaty has now been formally ratified; but it is very doubtful whether, in the immediate future, any practical efforts to implement its provisions will be possible. Japan's present political atmosphere is explosive, and likely to remain so for some time.

The rest of the President's tour—Tokyo having been cut out of the programme—though it resulted in no epoch-making pronouncements or policy, was accomplished without disaster, though there must have been many (and not all of them security officers) who breathed a sigh of relief when he was safely home. Admittedly it is by astonishingly tortuous processes of thought that a cannonade of some 86,000 shells, upon a few barren, battered little islands, can be interpreted as an heroic gesture of protest against the warmonger, Eisenhower; yet it is in the constant state of tension between Communist China and the United States that the fundamental explanation of the present crisis in the Far East is to be found. That bombardment was a showy, costly piece of symbolism; but it was the expression of some harsh practical and political facts. Though undoubtedly one of the consequences of the President's unfortunate trip must be the reassessment of American policies in the Far East, we should beware of laying all—or indeed very much—of the blame for Sino-American tension on the United States Government.

The rulers of Communist China are intolerant, arrogant and extremist. They have created and they are sustaining, by every means in their power, a situation which is increasingly dangerous. They openly proclaim the admissibility of " the just war "; they, and they only, would be judges of what would be, on their part, a " just " war. As their industrial potential increases, and as they develop the capacity to bridge the nuclear gap which at present compels them to rely on their Russian allies for non-conventional weapons (and their Russian allies have been noticeably reluctant about putting their bigger non-conventional weapons at China's disposal), they are becoming readier and readier to launch a war upon some convenient pretext.

American policy has failed either to defeat or tame the Communist regime in metropolitan China. For the last few years it has been directed, less and less effectively, to containing Communist China. Japan was inevitably the bastion of this containment. The events of the past few weeks have shown the bastion to be perilously unreliable; and it is no wonder that pæans of victory have been chanted in Pekin, and dutifully—though not quite so enthusiastically—echoed in Moscow.

Formosa was an asset—of a kind—to the United States, so long as there was a hope, however slender, that one day Chiang Kai-shek and his Nationalist supporters on the island could supply an alternative Government in mainland China. This hope has vanished, and Formosa has become a considerable liability, but a liability which to attempt to off-load would be basely dishonourable, in that it would deliver some ten million people, emigré Chinese and native Formosans, to Communist tyranny and revenge. Yet, America and the world are still faced with the Communists' refusal to renounce force in the furtherance of their claim to Formosa and their insistence on the withdrawal of the U.S. Seventh Fleet, to leave the two Chinese factions to settle a purely domestic quarrel without outside interference. In my view the moral bar against the acceptance of this thesis is absolute; and the practical arguments against it—the dangers to which it would expose Hong Kong, the Philippines, Australia and New Zealand—are secondary.

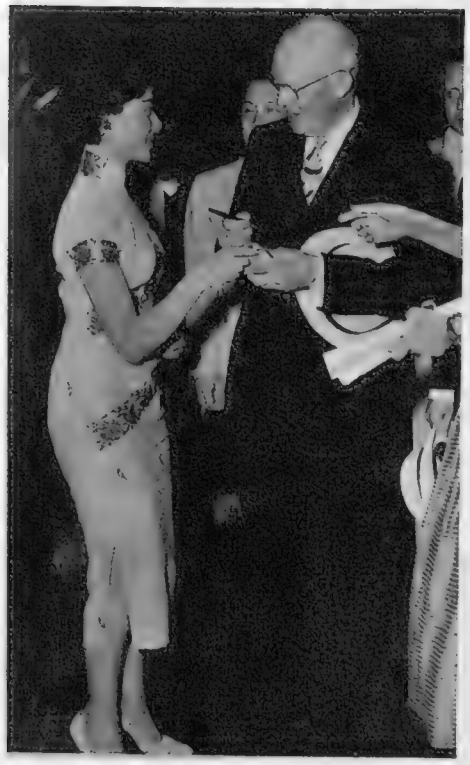
There is perhaps not much to be said in defence of Chiang Kai-shek and his friends; they are in their way as intransigent as their Communist enemies; and it is their intransigence which has been a major contributory factor in the creation of the difficulties with which the United States is now confronted. Yet it would be unthinkable to desert them now.

Various ingenious diplomatic ways out of the American dilemma in the Far East are being canvassed—most energetically of all in the United States itself. I rather fear that their ingenuity is only equalled by their impracticability, and that the present U.S. Government, in the last months of Mr. Eisenhower's Presidency, and the next administration, whatever its political complexion, will have simply to soldier on, in face of a persistent challenge, which will go on growing both in weight and in complexity. And that, I admit, is not a markedly cheerful prospect.

President Eisenhower is greeted on arrival in Formosa by General Chiang Kai-shek, the Nationalist Chinese leader

VISIT TO FORMOSA

The American President landed in Formosa by helicopter from the cruiser *St. Paul*. During his busy two-day stay he had two private conversations with General Chiang Kai-shek. A communiqué issued afterwards said that their Governments "would continue to stand by the Sino-U.S. Mutual Security Treaty." This agreement was signed in 1954 and pledges U.S. protection of Formosa and the Pescadores islands. Quemoy is not covered by the treaty.



A request for an autograph is granted

Guest and host drive together through the streets of Taipeh

At Stonehenge, in Wiltshire, Druids last week performed their annual ceremony of greeting the Midsummer sun

Sea Scouts, who represent the Boy Scouts Association,

A London Newsletter

13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, W.C.2.

£10,000 A YEAR. There are plenty of £10,000-a-year jobs going in our affluent society and plenty of worthy men who would still like to get one of them. If a football or a county cricket team wishes to ensure beating its nearest rival, it is not a bad idea to tempt that rival's aces away with a lucrative offer to play for another club or to transfer to club cricket. Some have been impious enough to suggest that the Premier and the Minister concerned have caught on to that idea in the offer to Mr. Robens, thus making confusion worse confounded among the Opposition and ensuring power for the Tories for at least two more General Elections. The charitable could fairly counter by saying that this offer is a signal example of impartial patriotism. The Coal Board chairmanship is an important and an onerous job. Twice the money would not tempt *me* to accept it. It needs the best brains in the country available, and if the best brains and best experience are, in the Government's opinion, found in Mr. Robens, a bitter political opponent and critic and one whose political views are shared by the vast bulk of the mine-workers, that offer should surely escape mud-slinging. It sounds more like the ideals of Christianity and the perfection of altruism and patriotism. Could all the *brouhaha* raised by the offer be due to jealousy? Can it be that there are still Socialist politicians who hanker after a better "divide" from the affluent society they are pledged to destroy and level down? Would the offer of ten £10,000-a-year jobs (well within his compass) enable the Premier to decimate for decades the ranks of any alternative Government? If so, he has to his hand a wonderful chance to test the sincerity of party politics and political parties, and to discover that rare character, the public man of absolute integrity. Or, to put the matter on a less dignified plane, to try out the efficacy of buying-off opposition as the cheapest means of keeping power. But I fancy the choice of Mr. Robens is an example of shrewdness in its more worthy definition.

FOR MR. AMORY'S ATTENTION. It was sometimes said by the many admirers of the G.O.M. that he was the best Chancellor of the Exchequer we ever produced. *Best* in the sense that he had the highest ideals of the trust reposed in that office. He was indeed bred up in the ideal expressed even before the Reform Parliament, in which he sat, that "No Government is justified in taking even the smallest sum of money from the people unless it can be clearly shown that it will bring to them some vital advantage which cannot be achieved by a smaller sacrifice." Pence meant more in Gladstone's day and he certainly took care of them for the taxpayer. Even assuming, what is not strictly true, that Gladstone's penny is to-day's pound, the criticism goes up from authoritative quarters several times a year that the Government spends recklessly far too much and consequently taxes us far too high. I thought on these things last week when I chanced to call in on a Ministry of Agriculture installation—one of several—that has long operated on one of our smaller West Country rivers, near the present Chancellor's home. Elaborately and scientifically designed, it operates every night in shifts to catch up salmon and sea-trout in a pen, electrically stun the fish and mark them with wire, for the purposes of research into their habits and general way of life. Multiply the staff employed in shifts at this small station on one small river several times, and you may get an idea of the cost in wages and upkeep of this interesting and valuable sideline of the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries. We know very little still about the habits of salmon. But if the time ever came when a Chancellor decided that perhaps Governments *could* spend less, it might be argued that this little side-line—though very interesting—is one tiny example of Government spending which in a crisis could be shelved *pro tem.* as not clearly showing proof that it was "a vital advantage to the people as a whole." Cheese-paring? Yes, of course. What's a few thousand pounds more or less when Budgets tot up to uncountable millions?

"STILL BILGE." Probing the planets is a great deal more expensive than probing the life-story of the salmon. It has been said that America may spend more than £300,000,000 next year on the peaceful uses of space satellites alone. Of course this space-probing is very much a matter of international prestige. If we have lost face in our failure to make a really good civilisation-destroyer for World War III in our own home factories, we must not lose more face by falling behind in the

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International Sail Training Race from Oslo to Ostend in July

Mr. Hugh Astor, who has lent his yawl *Nordwind* to the Boy Scouts Association for the race, is acting as Master

space race. But it is expensive in the case of a minor power whose citizens have for decades been taxed beyond endurance. And inevitably the question: "Is that journey to the Moon really necessary?" is raised again by the reiterated assertion of the Astronomer Royal that it is "all bilge." In his view nobody could ever live on the moon or any planet, and the difficulties still in the way of sending a day visitor to any of them and bringing him back safely are beyond solution in our time. Much better, he argues, spend a few hundred thousands on more and better telescopes which could continue to make invaluable astro-physical observations at a tithe of the cost of satellites and probably more effectively. As a taxpayer in a small way (and yet a big way), I am on Dr. Woolley's side. I very much dislike paying through the nose to save the faces of members of a Government or a small bunch of scientists who want to keep up with the Joneses in America or the Ivanovskis in Russia. I think keeping up with the Joneses is bilge in any form, whether in a suburban street or an international field. And when Chancellors of the Exchequer tell us that Government expenditure has already been slashed to the bare bone (as often they do), I think they are talking bilge. They are constantly taking our money on the specious plea that they will "bring us some vital advantage which cannot be achieved by a smaller sacrifice."

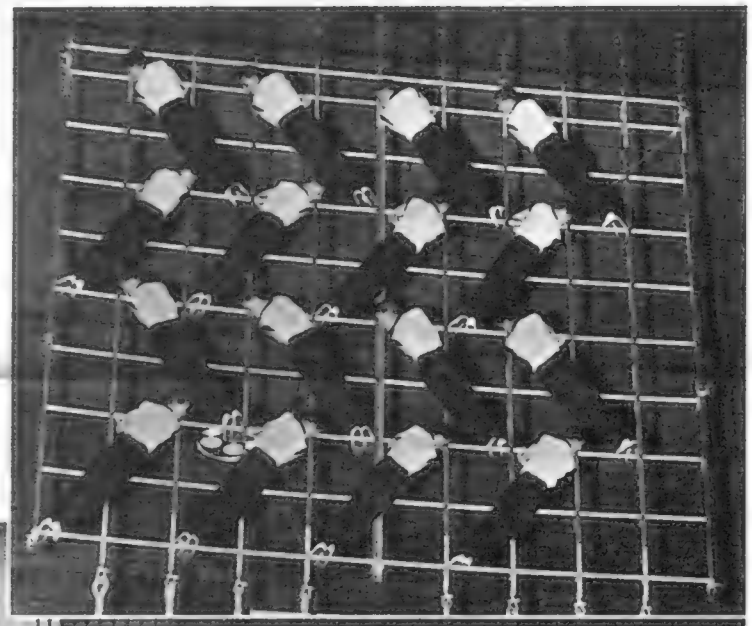
WIMBLEDON—FIRST BEGINNINGS. While the Championships are being fought out with intense publicity and in intense heat at Wimbledon, it is topical to look back to 1877 when the first championships were played and the game of Sphairastike was becoming increasingly popular under the name of lawn tennis. Mr. C. G. Heathcote and Mr. Julian Marshall played a big part in promoting that first championship (the former several times himself champion). The first champion (in that year 1877) was Mr. Spencer Gore. "Mr. Gore," the record says, "was much the best player of the year. He was gifted with a natural genius for all games, great activity, a long reach and a flexible wrist." It was said that he had a cut (underhand) which carried the ball back over the net before the receiver could take it. Spencer Gore was in the Harrow XI in 1867, '68 and '69, one of the rackets pair, and for three years in the football XI. Oddly enough, the first three lawn tennis champions were all Harrovians, Hadow and Hartley following Gore. The first champion "hadn't far to go." He was the second son of the Hon. Charles Gore and the Countess of Kerry, who lived at Wimbledon in a long, low, red-brick Georgian house, still standing on the west side of the Round Pound. His younger brother was Charles Gore, Bishop of Oxford; and indeed the land on which the championships are still played had belonged to their ancestors, the Spencers. His son was that admirable painter and pupil of Sickert, Spencer (Frederick) Gore. The first champion certainly played with a pear-shaped (or "real tennis") racket. I found several examples in the hall at the old house at Wimbledon in 1900; but I think it unlikely that he won the first championship wearing knickerbockers and a football jersey, as the *Radio Times* stated in 1956. There were hot summers in the '70's also. The exciting contrasts between now and then are certainly found in the women players' clothes. *They* have strip-teased with a vengeance.

NOAH'S ARKS—THE PROBLEM OF REJECTIONS. I did my best to keep alive Sir Alister Hardy's brilliant proposal to establish underground Noah's Arks in which to preserve for any survivors from the next world war the know-how to rebuild our lost civilisation. It was my idea that the easiest way to do it would be to preserve, and constantly replenish, well-educated young breeding pairs, highly trained in classical and technological education, in hygienic, air-conditioned caverns in the earth's bowels. But if that idea has not caught on, we must return to the idea of storing and keeping up-to-date blue prints, formulæ and handbooks on every feature of our civilisation which may give any chance survivors of World War III the means not only to revive but to improve on our present high level of culture and civilisation and scientific advance. For Unesco it becomes more a question of rejection than of selection. Of course, not a mention of nuclear matters, and I am strongly of Sir Basil Blackwell's opinion that the internal combustion engine is better forgotten, too. From it sprang most of the ills which disintegrated the orderly pattern of Victorian life when God ordered the estate of the rich man in his castle, the poor man at his gate. The new world-builders had better start again with the limited amenities of the mid Victorians. They were quite good at rail transport and made it pay, and Macadam's blue prints of road construction would be useful, too, if we decide to build underground stables for draught animals. There is much worth preserving in science and medicine in domestic hygiene. It would be a pity to go back to witch-doctor remedies for diseases or to primitive earth closets. I am all for h. and c., septic tanks and water closets, but there should be ruthless rejection among the latest drugs. The recipes for making whisky and other strong alcoholic drinks are perhaps better left out; beer is best, and coffee and tea comparatively harmless comforts; and I put in a plea for Thermos flasks and refrigerators, lightweight mackintoshes and push-bicycles. I should include Shakespeare and all that, but reject radio and TV, and let the survivors build their newspaper world as it was before the popular sensational Press. *Hansard*? Better not, perhaps. It might give people ideas.

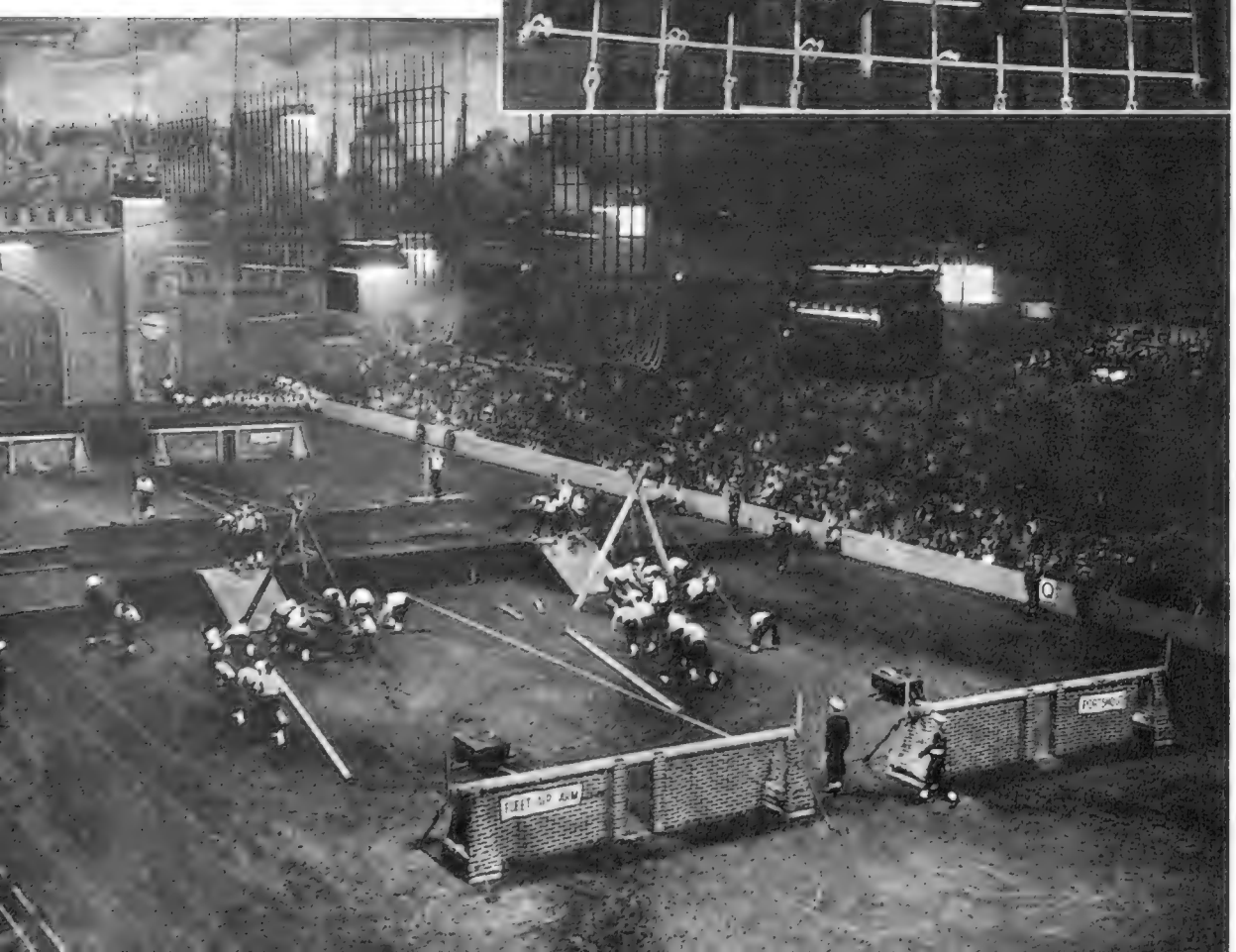
THE LORD'S TRADITION. One member of the Eton eleven at Lord's this year—the tall fast bowler, Michael de Grey—takes the field with a family tradition strong enough surely to eliminate nerves. Since 1832 when Frederick, Lord Bessborough, played for Harrow (and unfortunately achieved "a pair of spectacles"), the families with which he is connected have supplied either Harrow or Eton with batsmen and bowlers with astonishing regularity. Both his great-grandfathers—A. de Grey and Spencer Gore—played in the match; so did his great-uncle, George Gore; so did his de Zoete grandfather and uncle. It was Frederick, Lord Bessborough, an All-England cricketer, who with his brother Spencer, J. L. Baldwin and E. Long, founded I. Z. over a supper table at the Blenheim Hotel in Bond Street in 1845. Spencer was Sir Spencer Ponsonby-Fane, and incidentally Michael de Grey's great-great-grandfather. Frederick was long faithful to Harrow and devoted hours to coaching the boys with Bob Grimston, and they are commemorated in the Harrow songbook as the Damon and Pythias of cricket. But the boys of their day knew them as "Ponner and Bob." THE OLD STAGER

Members of the Army Physical Training Corps during their display of gymnastics

Right: Junior seamen, junior engineers and junior airmen of the Royal Navy hang high above the floor of the arena during the display of climbing the rope ladders and carrying out exercises on the window ladder



Below: In the field-gun display and competition by the Royal Navy, the Fleet Air Arm team and the Portsmouth team race each other in dismantling, then transporting, a 12-pounder gun over a 220-yard obstacle course



ENTERTAINMENT

THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT

at Earls Court

The familiar and popular set-pieces of the display of the Services, at Earls Court until July 9, are lent an up-to-date tone by this year's innovations. Throughout its long history, since it originated as the Grand Military Tournament and Assault-at-Arms in 1880, the Royal Tournament has always had a reputation for spectacle and precision. Among the most enthusiastically applauded items are two displays from overseas. The massed military and pipe bands of the Brigade of Gurkhas play quick and slow marches. It is not the first time that the Massed Pipes, Drums and Bugles of the Brigade have visited Britain—they came to take part in escorting Queen Elizabeth at her Coronation. They can also be seen on Horse Guards Parade on July 15 when they will Beat Retreat.

The other contingent from overseas is the Queen's Own Nigeria Regiment. In their display are glimpses of life in Nigeria, a demonstration of soldiers singing on the march and recruiting, traditional dancing, and the whole contingent with the Band and Drums parading in ceremonial dress. The Band and Drums will also Beat Retreat on Horse Guards Parade—on July 11. The overseas contingents take their place among the well-loved spectacles and exhibitons of skill, music and horsemanship.

On the twentieth anniversary of the Battle of Britain, the Royal Air Force Fighter Command's set piece, " Air Defence Goes Into Action," gives a sharp picture of how aerial warfare has changed in the post-war years. A scale model of a Bristol Ferranti Bloodhound is launched into the roof of the arena amid a realistic shower of pyrotechnics. The modern Battle of Britain is all over in fifteen minutes. A film shows a lone hostile bomber on its way to Britain with " a load enough to destroy a million people." The missile homes on its target and it disintegrates. Electronics and radar have changed the pattern of defence.

In a streak of light, a dummy Bloodhound missile (left) thunders into the roof of the arena, in the display of the Air Defence going into action

The massed Military and Pipe Bands of the Brigade of Gurkhas

Right: Men of the Queen's Own Nigeria Regiment in tribal costume

THE VOICE OF THE COMMON

AUSTRALIA

An Australian dream—the theme of sometimes wistful speculation by scientists as well as political leaders—is a method of using atomic energy to convert sea-water into fresh water economically and pump it over the vast distances of the dry inland where no rivers flow. Lack of water is a great limiting factor in Australia's development. The average rainfall is 16½ ins. compared with the world average of 26 ins. Of the country's total area of 3,000,000 square miles, 37 per cent. has less than 10 ins. a year. While some of the low-rainfall area is desert, the greater part of it would blossom under irrigation, and extensive regions would become available for settlement.

The all-important factor is cost—as indeed it is in the progress of atomic energy development generally. And on the more immediate question of the introduction of atomic energy in the industrial regions, Australia, for that reason, is proceeding cautiously.

The Australian Minister for National Development, Senator W. H. Spooner, who is ministerial head of the Atomic Energy Commission, last week explained Australia's approach to the problem in a speech to the Board of Governors of the International Atomic Energy Agency, meeting in Vienna. He pointed out that in twenty years Australia had doubled the number of her factories and factory workers. The total rated horse-power of factories had increased fourfold. For each factory worker the rated horse-power of engines and motors in use had risen from 2.4 h.p. to 4.4 h.p. In a setting of unparalleled development, with its emphasis on manufacturing and improved transport facilities, a rapidly rising supply of fuel and energy was vital. In ten years, total consumption of primary energy had increased in black coal equivalent by over 50 per cent. in total, and 20 per cent. on a *per capita* basis.

Senator Spooner detailed the sometimes spectacular advances made in Australia in the development of fuel and power supplies from conventional sources, and said: "This is the competition atomic energy has to face in Australia. In the main industrial centres it will be a matter of hard economics in very competitive conditions. Nuclear power costs will need to be appreciably lower than they are at present before it will displace other forms of power in the industrial area."

A special problem in Australia arose from great distances and high transport costs. For instance, it was common for pastoral properties in some parts to be 12,000 square miles in area and to be so far from the coast that it took ten to eleven months to walk cattle from some of the more remote properties to market. Also, from large mineral projects in remote areas, ore had sometimes to be transported 600 to 700 miles by rail to smelters, or coal for smelting at the mine had to be railed a similar distance. Development of small reactors that could be used economically in these remote areas would be of great importance to Australia.

Australia was not pessimistic about the future of nuclear power, said Senator Spooner. Atomic research was being taken very seriously indeed and had set up a major research establishment at Lucas Heights, near Sydney. Here, workers are pursuing an independent line of research on the high temperature gas-cooled reactor system. This system showed promise of development as a breeder reactor. The Australian work also suggested that the system could provide—at least in some areas—electric power at a cost below that of power from conventional sources. The emphasis at Lucas Heights was on basic technological problems rather than on the early construction of a reactor experiment. "We want to use the results of our research not only for the benefit of Australia itself, but also as a contribution to the development of other countries in our part of the world," Senator Spooner added.

INDIA

The news of the proposed visit to India by the Queen in the coming winter has been welcomed by the Indian Press. Everybody in India feels that she will be received not just with proper diplomatic cordiality but genuine affection. This is not because of the glamour attached to Royalty but is the strange and happy consequence of a relationship which began with Lord Clive and ended with Lord Mountbatten. The difference in temperament of these two persons, commented the *Hindustan Times*, is the measure of the vitality, resilience and adaptability of the British people. This national newspaper of India went on to say: "Lord Mountbatten, the last Viceroy of India, came to India with the declared purpose of ending British rule and he achieved it a year ahead of schedule. Between these two events is the history of Indo-British relations. If there is a Jallianwala Bagh to shame the record, there are also many instances of which both nations can be proud. It is proper to remember that the plains of India are strewn with the graves of British officials whose names continue to be bywords in good, clean and sympathetic administration.

"In her own right, as the head of the Commonwealth of which India is a member, and as the representative of a great people, Queen Elizabeth will be welcomed in this country. She is a charming and gracious person and in spite of her youth, has shown a remarkable awareness of political events, particularly those pertaining to the Commonwealth. In a world where repeated professions of friendship are followed by acts of overt or covert aggression, the Commonwealth stands as a unique body where nations of different races, different faiths and sometimes with different forms of government, have clubbed together because of their common acceptance of certain intangibles of political conduct and even though a member here or there has gone astray, it is a tribute to the basic correctness of the Commonwealth concept that such nations have felt shamefaced about it and have felt the need to justify their actions.

"Britain and India will remain friends even if the Commonwealth is shattered because both have displayed magnanimity at critical moments. It is for this among other reasons that Queen Elizabeth will be received in this country with real affection."

Similar sentiments have been expressed by another national newspaper, the *Times of India*. Describing the forthcoming visit as "a State visit with a difference," this paper stated: "New Delhi's official invitation to Queen Elizabeth and her acceptance confirm what has unfortunately been a matter of some conjecture over many years. Indeed, the conditions for such a visit have been auspicious for quite some time, and New Delhi's failure to take advantage of them at an earlier date has been rather inexplicable. However, the initiative has been taken and the Indian people will unanimously endorse and associate themselves with this expression of good will and friendship for Britain and the British people . . .

"This country's special position in the Commonwealth and the cultural and intellectual orientation of its thinking people towards the United Kingdom have created a bond—in terms of instinctive attitudes and unproclaimed acceptance of certain norms—that cannot be embodied in any treaty or agreement. It is for most of the time an obscure and tacit force but emerges to the fore on occasions, of which Queen Elizabeth's forthcoming visit will be a memorable example. It is an occasion to which the entire country will look forward with genuine warmth and understanding."

The man in the street feels the same way with regard to British Royalty as the man in the newspaper office. Indians are by tradition and by culture hero-worshippers. In a land made famous by kings and queens, the visit of Queen Elizabeth II will be of special historical importance. Not only will she be received as the Head of the Commonwealth but as one symbolising a relationship that is unique in history. When the Duke of Edinburgh visited India last year the affection and enthusiasm with which the people of India received him had to be seen to be believed. It is generally expected that the enthusiasm will be even greater when the Queen, accompanied by the Duke, comes to India.

MALAYA

The Federation of Malaya and Singapore began their talks on the subject of their Common Market on Friday, June 10, 1960. The discussions upon which both the official delegations embarked had created a great deal of interest, not only in the two territories, but also in countries outside their own. The Hon. Enche Mohamed Khir Johari, Minister of Commerce and Industry, Federation of Malaya, said, at the opening, that he has been "surprised to find that in the United Kingdom, the United States of America and in certain European countries there is considerable interest and enquiries have been made regarding the pattern of common market which is likely to be the subject of the talks." (It is well known that the Prime Minister of the Federation of Malaya has been striving to encourage economic co-operation within the South-East Asian region, and it is therefore in accordance with such a policy that the Federation of Malaya and Singapore, as next-door neighbours, have started discussions towards that end.)

The Minister went on to say that "we, in the Federation, are very conscious of Singapore's desire to diversify her economy through industrialisation in order to provide employment opportunities for her increasing population; and we appreciate her difficulty of balancing her need for industry and the maintenance of the traditional status of her free port. Because the two situations are incompatible, we feel that there may be difficulties in establishing a full common market between the two countries." The delegations therefore will investigate the possibility of implementing the concept of a "limited common market" as the first step towards closer economic co-operation between the two territories.

The Honorable the Prime Minister of the Federation of Malaya, Tunku Abdul Rahman Putra Al-haj, K.O.M., received a hero's welcome when he arrived at Kuala Lumpur International Airport on Thursday, June 16, 1960. The Tunku was returning home after the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference and his official visits to West Germany, the Netherlands, Belgium and France. Thousands of people converged on the airport on foot, by car and chartered buses, to cram the terminal

WEALTH

Atoms and Water in Australia; India and the Queen; Malay-Singapore Economics; Trinidad's New Constitution

In Wellington, Sir Eruera Tirikatene, New Zealand Minister of Forests and Associate Minister of Maori Affairs, and Lady Tirikatene talk with Lorraine Jones, "Miss New Zealand." Sir Eruera received the K.C.M.G. in the last honours list, and he is the only living Maori with a knighthood

building and choke the balcony, and gave the Federal capital its biggest traffic jam since the independence celebrations in 1957.

After reviewing the guard of honour of the 5th Battalion the Royal Malay Regiment and the Royal Federation Police Band and exchanging greetings with V.I.P. guests, the Tunku spoke to the thousands, giving them a brief summary of his trip abroad and what he had achieved. The route of the Tunku's drive to the Residency was decked with flags and banners and behind him ranged a procession of buses, cars and motor-cycles.

TRINIDAD

At the end of Mr. Macleod's recent visit to the West Indies it was announced that Trinidad and Tobago are to have a new constitution giving full internal self-government within the Federation of the West Indies. The constitution is to come into effect after the next election, which must be held at the latest in early 1962.

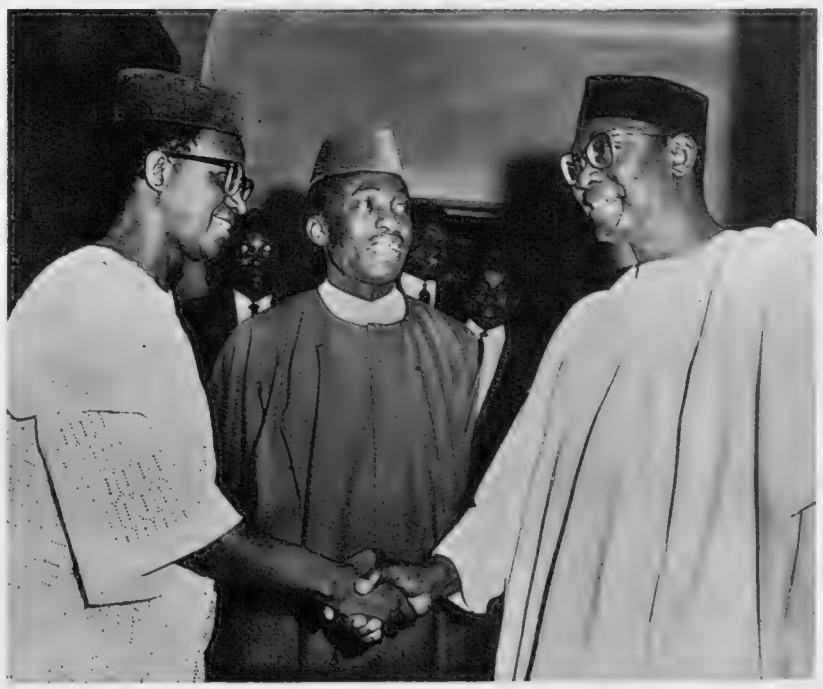
At present the territory has a single-chamber legislature. Under the new plan it will be bicameral, consisting of a Senate and a House of Representatives. There will be twenty-one senators, all appointed by the Governor. He will name twelve on the advice of the Premier, two on the advice of the Leader of the Opposition and seven at his own discretion after consultation with representatives of special interests. The Senate will have no power to delay money bills but can delay other bills for not more than one year or two consecutive Sessions.

The House of Representatives will number thirty members, all elected on the basis of adult suffrage. Since the present Legislative Council has only twenty-four elected members, the boundaries of constituencies will have to be adjusted to allow for the larger number in the House of Representatives. A Boundaries Commission has been appointed for this task. There have been talks both in Trinidad and in London between Mr. Macleod and representatives of the Trinidad and Tobago Government and Opposition to ensure these constitutional proposals being drawn up on the fairest basis. They will be presented at the earliest opportunity to the U.K. Parliament and the Trinidad and Tobago Legislature. When Trinidad and Tobago have self-rule they will be in the same position as the other two large units of the West Indian Federation, Jamaica and Barbados. The future of the Federation itself has still to be decided. Some members are in favour of a strong central authority, others would prefer a confederation of equal units.

The items in "The Voice of the Commonwealth" are contributed and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Editor of "The Sphere"

During his enthronement as the first Ghanaian Archbishop of the Cape Coast diocese of the Roman Catholic Church, Archbishop Amissah kneels before his predecessor, Archbishop Porter, to take the oath of allegiance to the Pope

The portrait, with the inscription "Kwame Nkrumah, First President of Ghana," is on one side of the 15,000 gold pieces struck by the Royal Mint in London to commemorate Ghana's Republic Day (July 1). Mr. Cecil Thomas was the designer



Mr. J. C. Achara (left), Eastern Nigerian Commissioner in London, greets Dr. Zik, President of the Nigerian Senate, at Nigeria House in London. Centre is Alhaji Abdul Maliki, the Federal Commissioner. They were meeting to discuss recruitment of staff for the new University of Nigeria

All the necessities for keeping one's head are provided in Curzon Street

SHOPS FOR GENTLEMEN No. 8

G. F. TRUMPER

Drawings by Geoffrey S. Fletcher

The most famous barber in the world is presumably the operatic one of Seville. Figaro has musical branches all over the globe. But no gentleman in London would think of going to the stage of Covent Garden or Sadler's Wells for a shave or a haircut. He might, on the other hand, be a customer of G. F. Trumper, Hairdressers, of 9 Curzon Street, W.1. Oddly enough, the Barber of Curzon Street is a woman. Let it be added immediately that she herself does not clip hair or lather her client's faces. Miss Trumper has been proprietor of the business since she inherited it on the death of her father, who started it with a partner sixty years ago.

Barbering by derivation is concerned with the beard and the hair. Trumper's have trimmed many distinguished beards, including Royal ones. To-day the beard is out of fashion, along with side whiskers and other adornments which the Victorians and Edwardians regarded as signs of manliness. However, those who wish to keep up this tradition can scarcely do better than entrust themselves to the cares of Curzon Street.

Every man has to pay attention to his hair. The habit of visiting Trumper's cannot be formed too early. The genial barbers have no objection at all to dealing with the head of a boy, even at the age of two or three. The child will undoubtedly be father of the man and continue to call regularly. Naturally, the customer, of whatever age, wants always to have his regular hairdresser. An appointment should be made in advance. Otherwise, the particular barber will probably be engaged, for the shop is usually busy and one of their problems is fitting in "regulars" who turn up unexpectedly.

Trumper's maintain the hair as well as cutting it. They will provide the right sort of lotions for different kinds of scalps. Shaving brushes and creams, razors and, for some obscure reason, umbrellas and walking sticks can be obtained in their shop. No. 9 Curzon Street may not be as romantic as Rossini's street in Seville. But it is far more practical and smells much better.

A haircut in one of the cubicles in the shop of G. F. Trumper

The Ruler of Bhutan sits behind the ornate dais as he presides over the Bhutanese Assembly in Paro

BHUTAN'S KING AND PEOPLE

A Buffer State in the Himalayas

When last summer tension between India and China was acute because of their dispute over the Tibetan Frontier, Mr. Nehru made a statement about the Himalayan countries with which India is in special treaty relations. India, he said, would defend them "against any intrusion." Bhutan is one of these countries and it is therefore not without significance on the current political map of the world.

The land in the eastern Himalaya is a buffer between India and Tibet and has a small western frontier with Sikkim, which is also in special treaty relationship with India. Bhutan has an area of about 18,000 square miles and a population estimated at 600,000. The people are Indo-Mongoloid by race and Buddhist by religion. The chief monastery, with over 1,000 priests, is at Tashi-Cho-D-zong, the summer capital. Punakha is the winter capital. Other communities include Paro, where the pictures on these pages were taken.

Nearly 200 years ago Bhutan came into relations with the old East India Company. Under a treaty of 1774, the Bhutanese agreed to pay an annual tribute of five horses and to prevent incursions into Indian territory. The latter undertaking was not always kept. Tribesmen raided over the border and a number of punitive expeditions were carried out against them, resulting in the occupation of various *duars* or tracts below the mountains. In 1865, Bhutan ceded the *duars* to the Government of India and under a fresh treaty received in a return an annual allowance of 50,000 rupees. The allowance was doubled early in this century and a further treaty arrangement placed Bhutanese external relations under the guidance of the Government of India.

Since Indian independence this system has continued. Delhi still guides Bhutan on matters of external affairs but does not interfere in internal matters. The annual allowance has been increased to 500,000 rupees. Relations between the two countries are firm and friendly and the ruler of Bhutan and Mr. Nehru have exchanged visits.

Until some fifty years ago Bhutan had a form of dual rule, by a Deb Raja (temporal ruler) and a Dharma Raja (spiritual ruler). In 1907, the Governor of the Province of Tongsa, in the east of the country,

(Continued on following page)

The Prime Minister addresses the Bhutanese Assembly, or Tsongdu

(*Continued from previous page*)

Sir Ugyen Wangchuk, was elected hereditary king or maharaja. The present ruler is his grandson, Maharaja Jigme Dorji Wangchuk, who succeeded to the throne in 1952. The constitution provides for a National Assembly known as the Tsongdu and consisting of some members or delegates who are elected and others who are nominated. It is a consultative and not a legislative body but its debates are often very lively and the monarch generally accepts its advice. The Maharaja is accessible to his subjects and frequently mixes with them without any ceremony at public gatherings. He has no standing army beyond guards for his castles and fortresses.

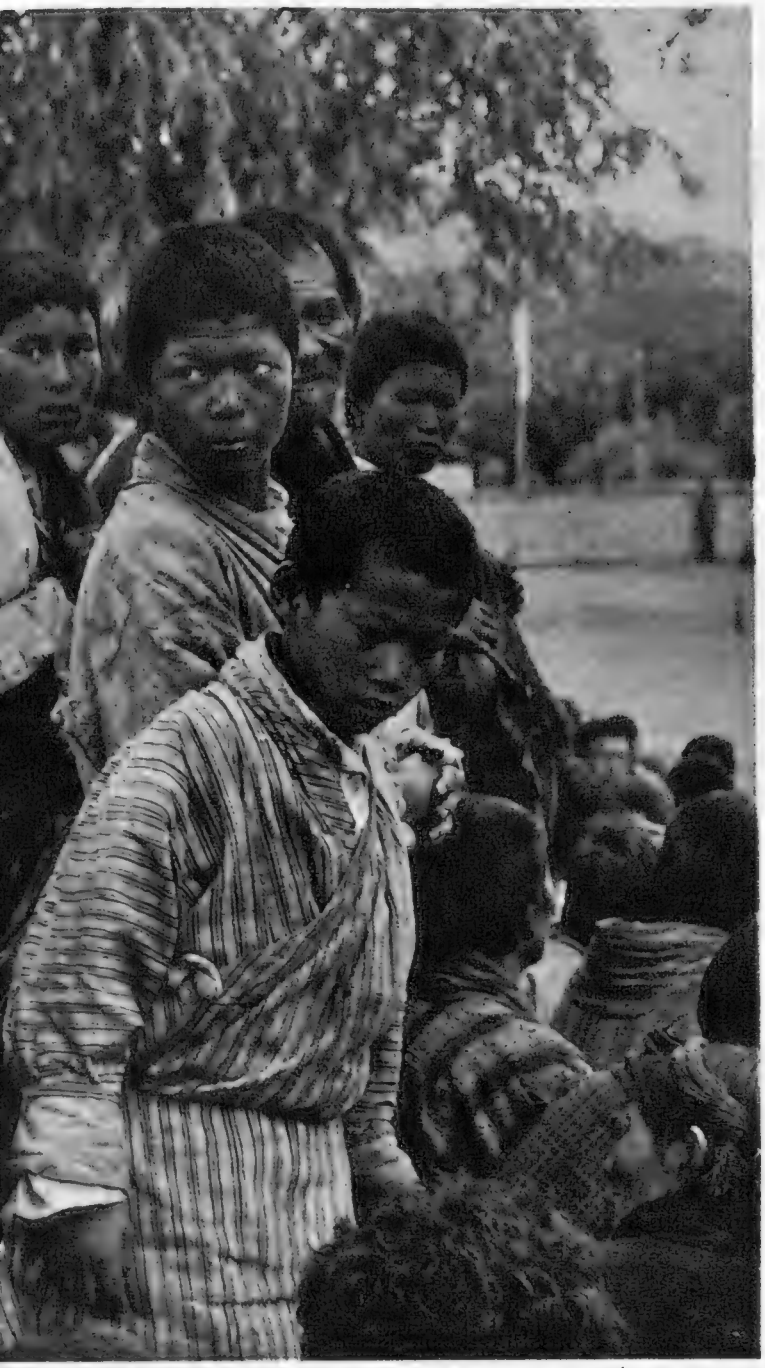
The Bhutanese are largely a farming people. Their chief products are rice, millet and Indian corn. Elephants and ponies abound. There are extensive and valuable forests which yield excellent timber and a saw mill has now been established to exploit these resources. In recent years the country has been developed along modern lines. Financial assistance has been forthcoming from India for a number of projects, including the construction of roads. It is understood the first of these will run from Jaigaon to Paro and Thimpu. Schools and hospitals have been built and a geological survey has been undertaken. A factory for preserving fruit has been set up.

The neighbouring state of Sikkim has somewhat similar treaty relations with India. Sikkim's external relations, defence and communications are the concern of the Government of India. Under this treaty Delhi does have the right to intervene in internal affairs in the event of law and order being seriously threatened or of gross domestic maladministration. Responsibility for the maintenance of the independence of Bhutan and Sikkim rests, in the first instance, with Delhi. But in the ultimate analysis of political possibilities, the two Himalayan lands could become a concern of the whole Commonwealth.

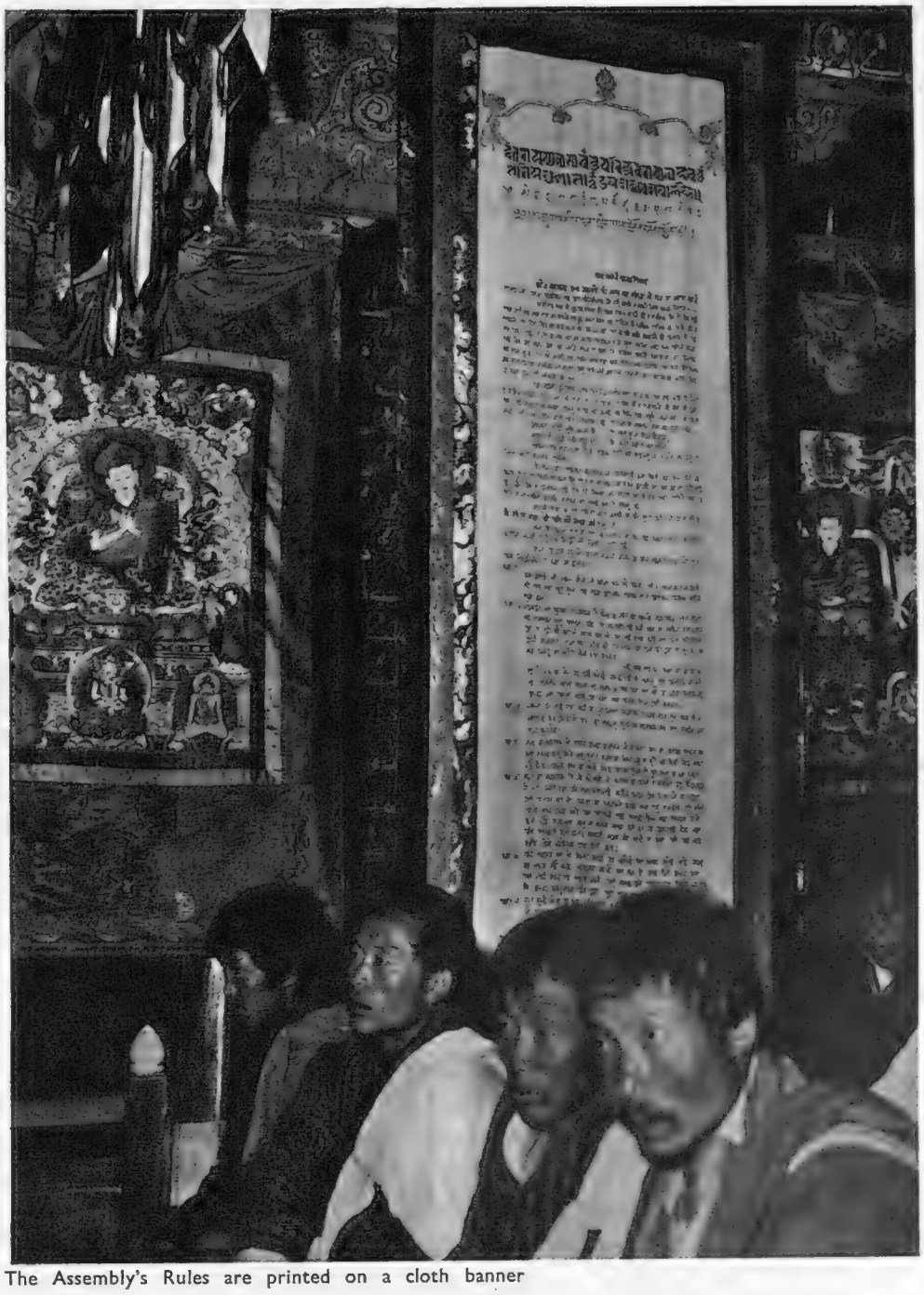
BHUTAN'S KING AND PEOPLE

Many members sit cross-legged in the Assembly, which is a consultative body

Left: A member is speaking during a debate in the session at Paro



The Maharaja with his subjects at a sports meeting



The Assembly's Rules are printed on a cloth banner

Bhutanese crowd to the sports meeting. The people are fond of many kinds of sport and excel in archery

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

THE WILDERNESS OF CANNOCK CHASE

Those who know Staffordshire only by reputation think of the dirt and smoke of her industrial centres rather than of the beauty of her countryside. There are few more ugly and depressing places than the industrial towns of the Black Country; the area was not so named for no reason at all. You can read a good many guide books to the beauty of Britain without finding a mention of Staffordshire. Yet perhaps only Yorkshire, and then only because of its size, can approach the variety which is to be found in Staffordshire. The scenery ranges from the grandeur of the northern hills to the grime of the Potteries and the Black Country; from the clear beauty of the River Manifold to the horrifying pollution of the River Sow; from the waste of Cannock Chase to the richness of the Vale of Dove, some of the best dairying country in the whole of Britain.

Cannock Chase lies more or less in the middle of Staffordshire. I have heard it said that there are really two Staffordshires, north and south, and that Cannock Chase separates them; the people to the north of the Chase being different from those to the south. I do not know Staffordshire well enough to be sure if that is so or not. Only a Staffordshire man, born and bred of many generations of Staffordshire men, would know a thing like that. Personally speaking, although I have some facility with local speeches, I find a Staffordshire countryman in full spate, whether he comes from north of the Chase or from south of it, almost impossible to understand. But I do know that Cannock Chase is different from the rest of Staffordshire; different from anywhere else in Britain.

Now, I should make it plain that I have only been there once, two days recently, exploring the Chase under expert guidance, so this is a very superficial view. But first impressions are often pretty accurate: familiarity blunts the edges. Before I went, I knew that Cannock Chase extends over 30,000 acres, that it is wild heathland and sparsely populated, that there are, here and there, large forestry plantations, that there was, or at any rate had been (I did not know if these were mines that had been closed down or not), some coal-mining. I did not know what to expect. Perhaps I had in my mind something like a cross between Exmoor and the Forest of Dean. And I did not even know that it was going to be beautiful: it ought to be: and yet . . . I had read Phil Drabble (a local man, born and bred) and noted that he found it "intensely depressing." When you consider the force of local patriotism: well, it might really be pretty horrible to make a local man feel like that.

Actually, I think that I saw Cannock Chase under the best possible conditions: two days of continual heavy, driving rain. That may seem to be very unkind. I do not mean to be unkind: I mean just what I say. Had I seen it in bright sunlight, I should have seen a picture-postcard Cannock Chase: woodland and moorland, bracken and distant views. Lovely and wild: but just the sort of thing that you would expect to see on moorland anywhere, the traditional scenery. And I should have come away, comparing it in my mind with other areas of moorland seen under ideal conditions, the conditions on moorland seen by the summer visitor. But they are exceptional. England enjoys a pretty damp climate: rainy days, misty days, outnumber sunny ones.

The days on which you can get a really distant view in moorland country are comparatively few. The highest point on Cannock Chase is Castle Ring, which is topped by a huge Bronze Age earthwork, some fourteen acres within the ramparts which themselves cover another four acres. It is said that on a clear day you can see from the top of Castle Ring the Mersey to the north-west and the Wash to the east: and that, if you will look at a map, is a very extensive view. Well, maybe you can on a very clear day—if you have a very good telescope. All I could see was some two hundred yards: and that, taking the year round, is, I suspect, much more normal for Cannock Chase. I think that I got a truer impression of the Chase than ever I would have done on bright clear days.

Heavy rain and low cloud shut out distance and people, but brought out to the full the essential character of the Chase: a lonely, ancient, wild place. The conifer plantations of the Forestry Commission were very black and silent, and the strips of tinfoil placed every few yards along the surrounding fences to keep the deer out, flapped with a dull moaning in the small wind. I wonder how long it takes a deer to work that out ? There was more life in the hard woods. Some good natural woodland exists on the Chase and especially some very fine birch: the oaks are rather stunted, fine trees but not very tall, and I was told by a miner that you never find good oaks where there is coal, but this, remembering the Forest of Dean, I do not believe. I saw one troop of long-tailed tits, and some jays, several woodpeckers and a great many pigeons, which the locals call "quicety-cocks." There was also a very large and very grey fox, the sort of animal I would have expected to see on a Cumberland Fell, but not on Cannock Chase.

But the true Chase is the open part, looking like natural moorland, but which is, in fact, man-made. This wilderness of bracken and heather has replaced felled woodlands: not felled to make way for the coal mines, but to provide charcoal for the ironworks. The coal mines came much later, but it is they which now press upon the consciousness. Many, I believe, have been closed, but there seem to be many still working and I watched a new bore at work. The great gaunt grey slag heaps are everywhere. Older ones are covered with a thin skin of coarse vegetation which would not support a goat. They stand stark to the clouds and lend to the whole scene a touch of savagery. I suppose that most people would say that they spoil the scenery. I think they make it. It is odd, and somehow very exciting, to see partridges in their shadow and hares upon their steep flanks.

But the thing that struck me most forcibly about Cannock Chase was the thing that I did not see: picnickers. You would think that this huge area of wild country within easy reach of great industrial centres would be a mecca for picnickers; that they would spread all over it at week-ends. But it is very evident that they do not. They visit, probably in thousands, only particular spots. You can recognise these by the way in which the ground has been flattened, the vegetation denuded, by cars.

Around one at least of these favoured spots there has grown up a little village of kiosks: teas and ice-creams and cigarettes. At all of them it is noticeable that the picnicker does not venture more than two hundred yards from the road. Judging from all the signs, I feel pretty sure that even at a Bank Holiday week-end, if you were to go three hundred yards from the road you would be as alone as I was on those two pouring wet days. The Midlander does not want to "get away from it all": he likes his fellows. You may think that this shows a lack of initiative; and I suppose it does. But it has saved Cannock Chase.

In their match against Marlborough, the Wellington College team is led on to the field by the captain, P. T. Johnson

A ball from S. T. Gainher (Wellington) is hooked by T. S. Cox, who scored 79 not out

The Marlborough captain, P. N. B. Sabine, is caught in the slips by A. R. W. Grubb for 58

W. D. House (Marlborough) prepares to run after cutting a ball through the slips

M. C. Manisty, the Wellington wicket-keeper, runs in to catch a ball which was skied by A. J. Price

A. J. Price (left) and W. D. House, the Marlborough openers, going out to bat against Wellington

PUBLIC SCHOOLS CRICKET

WELLINGTON

V.

MARLBOROUGH

Wellington College suffered their heaviest defeat for years in this one-day match against Marlborough at Crowthorne on June 9. Marlborough, who won the toss and batted first, were superior in every department. They won the match by 127 runs.

P. N. B. Sabine, the Marlborough captain, gave fine performances both in batting and bowling. At Lord's last year against Rugby he scored 123, and took nine wickets; in this match he made 58, and took three wickets for twenty-two. Four of Marlborough's wickets fell quickly for 31 runs, but Sabine, T. S. Cox (79 not out), and J. Hopper (52 not out), put their team in the comfortable position of being able to declare at 210 for five. Wellington never really got under way against the bowling of Sabine, T. Jackson, and J. R. W. Harvey. Out of their meagre total of 83 runs, 28 were hit by N. H. Downes.

Manisty whips off the bails and D. L. Martin is out

GABOR DENES

YACHTING

More and more people find it difficult to resist the fascination of catamarans, and it is interesting to contemplate the direction future developments in this field might take. By far the most popular is the *Shearwater*, designed by Roland Prout. About 900 have been sold (of these over 350 are registered for racing). The next most successful is Bill O'Brien's *Jumpahead* with a total of about 200. The two types are similar in dimensions, about 17 ft. length and 7 ft. 6 ins. beam. They are safe on moorings, and are just about the maximum size that can be trailed. They are very fast, but need open water for racing.

The R.Y.A. is giving considerable attention to the question of catamaran development, and is supporting a " one-of-a-kind " race to be held in the autumn to encourage the production of new designs. From the overall dimensions laid down for this event it appears that the aim is a much larger catamaran, up to an overall length of 25 ft. and beam of 14 ft., with a corresponding sail area of 300 sq. ft. The point of this is that the R.Y.A. is not looking for a bigger and better catamaran to become a popular class but for the best possible design suitable for international racing, as big and fast as two men can hold.

Meanwhile, the 14 ft. 6 ins. *Swift*, also designed by Roland Prout, in its second year only, musters well over 100 sail numbers, and looks as if it might become the most popular type for the average convert from dinghy racing. That is the view of Roger Gresham Cooke, M.P., a convert with a great deal of experience, having represented Oxford in his younger days. He says that with its greater manœuvrability and easier trailing, this is the ideal " cat " for sailing anywhere, including rivers. He has backed his judgment not only by racing a *Swift* himself, but by presenting a special trophy to be raced for during the National Swift Championships to be held at Leigh-on-Sea on July 8-10. About fifty entries are expected and the donor of the trophy is to be among the competitors.

Cruising yachtsmen will be interested to know that they are most welcome in the nearest French port to Britain. I was told during a recent visit to Calais by Docteur Jean Plancke, Commodore of the Yacht Club du Nord de la France, that his club and the local Syndicat d'Initiative are most anxious to encourage visits by British yachtsmen. Their final aim is to build a special yacht harbour with all possible facilities.

Jason Borthwick tells me that a good entry is assured for the first International Championship of the 18-ft. Jollyboat class to be held from July 11 to 15 at Warsash. The success of this dinghy is greater in America and Canada than in its original home, but recently it has been steadily gaining ground among older hands from the 12-ft. and 14-ft. classes. Both America and Canada will be represented, the former by Mr. Ralph Lynn, of Richmond, Virginia, President of the North American Owners Association, and the latter by Mr. Michael D. French.

The Jollyboat is a beautifully designed and equipped racing craft, and its many good qualities make it popular among executives. I raced in one a few years ago, and was most impressed by its fine performance and relative comfort. My impression of well-being and ease was heightened when, as we were ghosting back towards the finishing line with the failing wind of a summer evening, the owner, now the Hon. Secretary of the class, made a timely suggestion. He motioned me towards the locker under the foredeck, where I was able to find all the ingredients for refreshment.

Shearwater—the favourite " cat "—at Cowes

Bill O'Brien's *Jumpahead* in Southampton Water

BRITAIN'S GREAT GOLF CLUBS

ASHRIDGE

A feature of this course, about four miles from Berkhamsted in Hertfordshire, is that every one of the holes is named: in most cases the names go back many years, and are picturesque—for instance, Witchcraft Botton, Ringshall Corner, and Nob's Crook. They lie in the wooded parkland which once was part of the estate of Ashridge, the ancestral home of the Brownlow family. Founded in 1932, the course was laid out by Major Cecil Hutchison, Sir Guy Campbell and Major Hotchkin, and later altered by Mr. Tom Simpson. The new clubhouse was built in 1957, the old one having been destroyed in a fire. Many trophies were also destroyed, but there are still two important trophies which are played for at Ashridge. One is the Rosebery Cup, presented by Lord Rosebery, the President, and the other the Ashridge Cup.

The first professionals were David Pook, followed by Henry Cotton, who, while at the club, won his second Open Championship. He was followed in turn by Ben Shelton, the present professional. Among the distinctive holes at Ashridge are the 6th, "Highwayman's Hide," a one-shotter of 190 yards; the 14th which is similar to the 17th at St. Andrews, complete with bunker on the left and a road at the back of the green; and the 17th, "Hoo," 482 yards and bogey 5. The standard scratch score for the 6,435-yard course is 72.

Next in this series will be Wentworth Golf Club in our issue of July 9

The 18th green with, behind it, the 9th fairway and the clubhouse. The 9th is known as Cotton's hole

Ben Shelton, the club professional

Mrs. C. S. F. Lane, Mrs. F. H. Sanders, Mr. C. S. F. Lane and Mr. F. H. Sanders (the secretary)

Right:

Mr. J. Keeley, Mr. and Mrs. D. Bulloch

Right:

Mr. Charles Sanders (the son of the secretary and club champion) and Tim Block (aged eleven)

Below:

Miss P. Bunker, Mr. and Mrs. V. Bascombe, and Mr. F. R. Brett

Below:

The 14th green and secretary's house. The building, over 400 years old, once belonged to a head ranger

TRAVEL

RESTAURANTS TO REMEMBER

By GORDON COOPER

Dining in one of the open-air restaurants in Lucerne, Switzerland

I am firmly convinced that almost the first requirement for a traveller is a good digestion. Blessed myself with a co-operative digestive tract and an adventurous appetite, I have explored the good things to eat and drink in most parts of the world and notably in all the countries of Western Europe. But I do not profess to be a professional gourmet, and I have often found that memorable meals are as enjoyable when taken in a typical or attractive environment as in four-star gastronomic establishments.

My collection of menus brings back many delightful memories. I thus remember fondly meals in CHANTRAINE'S (Brussels), which I regard as being the best restaurant in Europe, in PYRAMIDE (Vienne), my second choice, and PAPPAGALLO'S, in Bologna. Nor must I forget Ireland, where recently I enjoyed a superb but quite simple lunch: a dozen Galway Bay oysters, duckling that ravished the palate, and some fresh fruit salad. But when it comes to simple fare our own country is hard to beat, and a cut off the joint at SIMPSON'S or some jugged hare at RULE'S is for me the perfect meal.

Eating out in the open is especially delightful in Italy. My first meal in its various cities is invariably taken at well-tried favourites: in Venice, the TAVERNA LA FENICE gets my blue ribbon; in Rome, I go to the TRE SCALINI, in Piazza Navona, with its three famous fountains and its typical picture of Roman life; in Naples, I usually toss up between ZI TERESA, which looks out on the tiny harbour of Santa Lucia, and L'ARCATE'S, which stands on the hillside and offers a glorious panoramic view over the bay; and in Milan, GIANNINO'S, which provides magnificent food.

It seems rather absurd to try and cover the restaurants of France in a single paragraph, and if I restrict myself to a mention of some especial favourites it merely indicates a personal choice. In Pérouges, the perfect medieval hill-town, there is the OSTELLERIE VIEUX PÉROUGES, an idyllic refuge for a gastronomic hermit; and I would willingly spend a holiday in the most comfortable RIPOTOT HOTEL, Champagnole (Jura), which fully merits its Michelin star. Then in the neighbourhood of Evian-les-Bains, overlooking Lake Leman, there is LA VERNIAZ and its chalets, where you will find Lucullan seclusion. Another gem is LE PRIEURÉ, a country inn at Villeneuve-les-Avignon, not far from Avignon. Nor must I forget my last birthday banquet, which was enjoyed at L'AJASSERIE, a *logis* in Orcival (Auvergne), where there is also an outstanding Romanesque church.

For Paris, I rarely miss satisfying my mouse-like taste for cheese at ANDROUET'S, where there is an amazing display of cheesy dishes, and for a special treat there is GRAND VÉFOUR, which looks out on the gardens of the Palais Royal, has a nineteenth-century atmosphere, and three Michelin stars. Among restaurant curiosities there are AU MOUTON DE PANURGE and ROBINSON'S. The former commemorates Rabelais, is pornographic in its decor, and offers a live sheep which drinks wine. Needless to say, this diet shortens its life but there is always a successor. At ROBINSON'S, which lies on the outskirts of Paris, you can dine up a tree and there is the peculiar, possibly warped, pleasure of watching waiters rushing up and down trees and balancing trays. Flying insects, however, can be a nuisance, and for fresh air I prefer the restaurant situated part way up the Eiffel Tower, from which there is a glorious panoramic view over Paris. I must conclude my French list with a bare mention of GUIDO'S, in Marseilles, famous for that perfect fish dish, the bouillabaisse, of which Thackeray wrote so warmly.

In Madrid, the best food is to be found at the RITZ, possibly the best hotel in Europe, especially for service; but for the adventurous there is the little restaurant known as EL BOTIN, where you will find roast sucking pig that will melt in your mouth, and where there is a colourful clientele. Cochinillo is one of the really great dishes of Castile. CASA CANDIDO, in Segovia, is another famous restaurant for this succulent dish, and the proprietor carves the tender flesh with the blunt edge of a dish. Note, too, EL CASTELLANO, in Burgos, for this speciality. Equally tasty is the fish dish known as "paella." You will find it at its best at its fountain-head, the port of Valencia, where the restaurants LA MARCELINA and LA PEPICA are satisfying.

Strangely enough, I think my most enjoyable meal in Spain was one I took at the HOTEL DURAN, in Figueras (Catalonia). After some delicious *pâté* of Serrano ham, there came a *zarzuela de pescados*—a kind of fish grill, seasoned with butter, herbs and onion sauce; after this there was roasted duck and orange sauce—even the Tour d'Argent could not have done better. Lastly, there was a dish of wild strawberries in maraschino. A glass of sherry, a bottle of Rosada (a *rosé* from Tarragona), a Fundador brandy with the coffee, and a Havana cigar were suitable accompaniments for this outstanding meal.

For those who seek a true regional flavour, there is LOS CARACOLES (The Snails) in Barcelona. The exterior of this restaurant may not appear inviting, but once inside you proceed into a room whose walls are lined with wine casks, peppers, garlic clusters and drying spices. The cheerful waiters are in shirt-sleeves. Follow the initial snails (if you like this dish) with chicken-on-the-spit, for it is another speciality in this inexpensive eating-place.

In Portugal, easily the best restaurant is the small FIM DO MUNDO ("End of the World"), at Cascais, close to Estoril. I have also enjoyed superb lobster at the BARRACA BAR on Guincho Beach (some miles north of Cascais). Lisbon itself leaves me with no memories of food apart from a succulent dish of *bacalau* (cod) served in a modest eating-place. If you happen to visit historic Queluz you should lunch in this palace's ancient, enormous kitchen, converted into a restaurant called the COZINHA VELHA ("Old Kitchen").

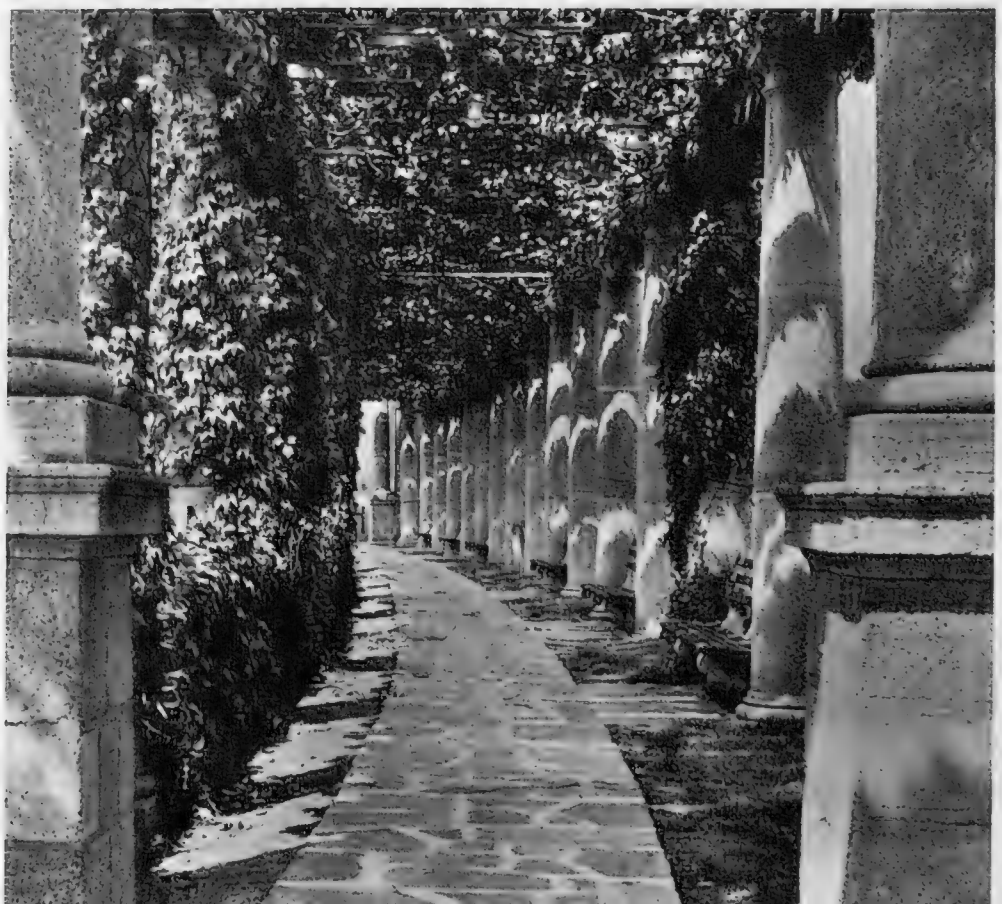
Briefly, the rest of Europe: in Holland, there is the TAMPAT SENANG (The Hague), famous for its *rijstafel*, and DIE PORT VAN CLEVE (Amsterdam), for its numbered beefsteaks. In Switzerland, lovers of the cheese fondue will find it in perfection at the various DEZELAY restaurants in the main cities. For Germany, the RATSKELLER, in Bremen, has a traditionally German atmosphere. Nor must I forget the KONDITOREI ZAUNER, in Bad Ischl, which rivals Vienna's DEMEL as the most tempting coffee-and-cake shop in the world.

My worst meal ? Undoubtedly that served in the "Coffee-Ale-Eating-House and Hotel of Sleep" in Daphni, Mount Athos. Here a ragged old waiter brought me a dish of horse beans swimming in cold, oily water, followed by a couple of eggs fried in strong-smelling oil. The bread was as hard as a brick, the wine vile. There was no menu, but I still shudder when I think of this horrible repast.

BY COMET TO SWITZERLAND

By the new B.E.A.'s Comet 4B service to Zurich, the air journey takes just under two hours—and is very comfortable. Passengers are delivered to the air terminal in Zurich's main railway station, whence they can continue conveniently by train to such pleasant resorts as Lugano, Locarno and Lucerne. The more I travel in this "playground of Europe," the more I appreciate the supreme efficiency of the Swiss in catering for holiday visitors. The snags one often meets in other countries completely disappear in this well-organised land. For this reason alone I consider it ideal for a restful holiday. My own recent trip gave me two days in Lugano, another two days in Lucerne, both wonderful centres for excursions as well as being supplied with hotels which cater for every purse.

Behind a ruined colonnade looms the George Washington Bridge



IN OLD NEW YORK

The chief city of the United States, like London, has its out-of-the-way reminders of the changing ways of city life, of the continuing pattern of decay and renewal. Overlooking the busy Hudson river is an Italianate colonnade of pillars, entwined in creeper. It is situated near the George Washington Bridge, which carries traffic to and from Manhattan, and it runs from 181st to 185th street. After years of exposure to the vagaries of the New York weather, the colonnade has crumbled and is to be pulled down as a safety measure.

The concrete pillars and balustrading were erected some forty years ago to border the estate and castellated mansion built for the late Dr. Charles V. Paterno. In the 1930's the mansion disappeared to make way for a housing development, which was named Castle Village. It was during these years that the city was radically altered, when the federal government's programmes of public works spurred the construction of new bridges, highways and housing developments. Only the colonnade of the mansion remained, and that too, despite the efforts of residents in the area, is to disappear.

The colonnade is a reminder of more leisured days in New York

BOOKS

EUGENE O'NEILL'S TRAGEDY

Essays on American writing; correspondence between Bennett and Wells; and this week's varied fiction

Eugene O'Neill was a very considerable playwright; almost a great one. He was also an unhappy, bitter and haunted man for much of the latter part of his life. In his play, *Long Day's Journey Into Night*, there is much that is autobiographical. Indeed, his surviving son has said that he could not understand why it should be of interest to any but a member of the family, adding: " it 's very personal." A biography remained to be written, and it is likely that there will be more such studies. The present book has been produced by Mr. Croswell Bowen, a newspaperman, though, as he explains, not a dramatic critic, whose interest in O'Neill, the man, began at an interview some fourteen years ago. THE CURSE OF THE MISBEGOTTEN (Hart-Davis. 25s.) has been written with what can most simply and accurately be described as good taste. With such sensational material it must have been a conscious and perpetual effort to keep the tone of the book straightforward, factual and objective, but here the author's Press training has obviously helped him considerably, and without straining too much for personal comment and personal assessment, he has allowed the long, often sordid, often glorious story to tell itself in all its original force.

For in many senses the life of one of the world's most famous and most respected dramatists was a tragedy and Mr. Bowen, who has been helped in the writing of the book by O'Neill's son, Shane, believes that this was at least partly due to an extraordinary lack of communication in the O'Neill family. The money which came and went was not at the root of the trouble but, fantastically enough in that wielder of words, it was the inability to express some of the most fundamental of feelings that seemed to wreck much of his life. Mr. Bowen's biography shows him as the extraordinary human being that he was, capable of deep love and high idealism but always pursued by the demon of agonising loneliness caused, with savage irony, by that same failure in communication. This is an impressive and a memorable biography.

Writers in *The Times Literary Supplement*, as in *The Times*, are anonymous, so that it is no surprise but only a rather welcome originality that a symposium of critical essays first printed in the *T.L.S.* should bear no authors' names and only occasionally reveal by a kind of inner evidence their distinguished sources. The only exception in THE AMERICAN IMAGINATION (Cassell. 25s.) is the name of Mr. Alan Pryce-Jones, who has appropriately enough contributed a foreword. Appropriately, since it was Mr. Pryce-Jones who was editor of the *Supplement* when, some years ago, it published a special edition devoted to American writing. " This was conceived," as he explains, " with a twofold purpose. On the one hand American writing has had so deep an influence on European letters during the last half-century that it seemed time to pay American writers due tribute as innovators and stimulants; on the other, it may be necessary to explain to British readers some of the misconceptions which arise from the fact that our two nations speak the same language—on the surface." Nearly all these essays help the clarification and it is a real pleasure to have them collected here in a more permanent form, although I must say that I still have the relevant copy of the *T.L.S.* filed away somewhere for reference, so significant and helpful did I find it at the time. Altogether, as I have found, this collection of essays is not only worthy of respect because of the real information it gives us but is thoroughly enjoyable.

RENE CLAIR, THE FRENCH FILM DIRECTOR (right), is congratulated by Marcel Pagnol upon his election to the French Academy. Although other Academicians like M. Pagnol have made distinguished contributions to the cinema, they owed their election to their work in other fields. M. Clair is the first member to be elected solely for his cinematic achievements

ARNOLD BENNETT AND H. G. WELLS (Hart-Davis. 25s.) is a second volume of correspondence drawn from the Wells Archives now reposing at the University of Illinois. The letters between the two writers, who were thirty and thirty-one respectively at the start of their correspondence, are almost exactly balanced, too, in their number; eighty-six from one, eighty-seven from the other, so that the reader has at least a fair chance of assessing their relative possibilities as guides to the nature and the developing abilities of the two famous writers. The first letter included was from Bennett to Wells in 1897 and was a rather stiff, contemporary version of the " fan " letter. The last is from Wells to Bennett in 1930, not many months before the latter's death and opens with the words: " Arnold, you are a dear. You are the best friend I 've ever had. This may colour my vision. I don't think it does." Between those two pages lies the record of a friendship both on the domestic level of visits, flats lent and travelling arrangements discussed, and literary discussion and development. Some of the letters seem disappointingly thin, though it must be reflected that even professional authors do not always write for posterity; some of them are vividly and intellectually alive, as when they prove themselves what the editor, Mr. Harris Wilson, has called: " discerning, candid critics of each other's work." To those whose literary tastes have been formed since the 1930's, this little book may appear disconcerting since their own estimates of their work clearly show that they considered themselves as the two giants in a world of literary pygmies, but there is quite a good deal to be gained from its reading apart from the pleasure of the intimate glimpses of writers *en pantoufles*.

LIFE OF RALEGH

A biography of the extraordinary Elizabethan

Margaret Irwin has behind her a notable record as an historical novelist, and this perhaps does not help her overmuch in presenting the biography of that many-sided, more-than-life-size Elizabethan figure, Sir Walter Ralegh. One of the best hated men at court in his day and, at the same time the darling of his own Devon seafaring men, he is no easy figure to assess. It may well be that Margaret Irwin, in her enthusiasm for a man who so dominated the life of his time, has erred on the side of hero worship. Even so, her book THAT GREAT LUCIFER (Chatto and Windus. 25s.) is a most incisive portrait, owing much to years of research by a writer who has come to understand the spirit of the Elizabethan age. Some readers may feel that the reconstruction is altogether too vivid, the style too much in the vein of popular biography; but it is from the outset apparent how closely the author has adhered to the known facts. As Ralegh's judges so rightly said, " You have lived like a star at which the World hath Gazed." He wrote poems that were lofty, insolent and passionate, he coined phrases and lines that still echo in our ears. All this the author reflects in full measure, but there does remain the unsatisfied feeling that a slightly less admiring approach would have put in better perspective this Elizabethan hero who was endowed with such a strong admixture of, on the whole, likable villainy.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF CECIL B. DE MILLE (W. H. Allen. 35s.) runs to well over 400 pages. It is a serious document reflecting the work of a man who has contrived to entertain many millions of people in the cinema, but strangely enough it reflects a small town attitude as often as it does a world attitude. The reader in Britain may well marvel how often the great Mr. de Mille gets bogged down in the importance of this or that Presidential, or local governmental, nominee, and much else besides. No matter, it is the record of a good life lived for the most part in California and to good purpose.

Frank E. Huggett has in the course of years come to know Portugal intimately, particularly the far south round Albufeira. In SOUTH OF LISBON (Gollancz. 21s.) he attempts to set down his reactions to this frustrating but hospitable land, and finds his views on Portugal are strangely inconsistent, his attitudes acutely contradictory. In southern Portugal the author found standards of friendship, family and feeling that probably have no parallel elsewhere in Europe; but despite all this he found himself ricocheting from love to hate and back. " The country and its meaning shifted every time I thought of it," he declares in what is a most sensitively written book and by no means as frustrating as it may sound.

P. M. Andover has written an admirable treatise on PRINTING IN LONDON (Allen and Unwin. 28s.), starting from Caxton's day and coming down to current times, when bookprinting in the capital is a declining business, so great is the competition of the provinces and the foreign printer. The author covers a wide field, remembering that printing bestrides the interests of the bibliographer in the British Museum, the advertising account executive, and the young assistant in the back street jobbing printer's shop.

Robert Blackwood Robertson, who is as Scottish as his name, has spent most of his working life as a doctor in many parts of the world. Lately he returned to Scotland, settling for a while in a shepherd's cottage in the border country. He has amassed a powerful lot of knowledge, and this fictional condensation of his experiences in sheep country and with sheep people bears testimony to that fact. Mr. Robertson calls his book quite simply OF SHEEP AND MEN (Gollancz. 21s.), and he writes with zest and delightful humour.

R. C. E.

Mr. John Vyvyan, who some time ago wrote *The Shakespearean Ethic*, has now produced an equally scholarly volume which is a study of the early plays in relation to the medieval philosophy of love. SHAKESPEARE AND THE ROSE OF LOVE (Chatto and Windus. 18s.) illustrates the writer's theory that Shakespeare had an *ethos* which was consistent, consciously held and profoundly Christian, from his first work moving towards the ideas of love, forgiveness and regeneration which found their fullest expression in *The Tempest* or *A Winter's Tale*. "I am not suggesting," writes Mr. Vyvyan, "that Shakespeare's philosophy, even if we were sure of it, is the most important thing about his plays: it is simply one thing about them that we ought to know." Thus, in the most lucid of language we can follow the trend and the flowering of the philosophy and learn still more about the poetry that is possibly our greatest English heritage.

First of the novelists to be considered this week is Mr. Michael Lewis, whose talent for conveying a specialised atmosphere or a highly personal view is on its way to greatness. BARBARY COAST (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 18s.) is only his second novel but there is no doubt that he has arrived, in that mysterious but inimitable phrase, or that he is a writer of serious purpose and undoubted attainments. Not that his new book is serious to the point of grimness; it is anything but that. The setting is a Welsh manufacturing town which might, I think, be readily identified by readers with more local knowledge than mine, and the characters almost without exception live in the world of expense accounts, fast cars and other necessary badges of comparative affluence. They are no more noble, admirable or lovable than other people to be met in what one calls real life, but they *are* alive and crackling with vitality. Their energies may be directed towards gaining control of a textile firm or somebody else's husband. They gossip relentlessly, both men and women, and, again both men and women, they drink more than is compatible, shall we say, with good health or good judgment. But there they are, leaping up out of the page with all their characteristics, good and bad. Mr. Lewis is a novelist to be reckoned with.

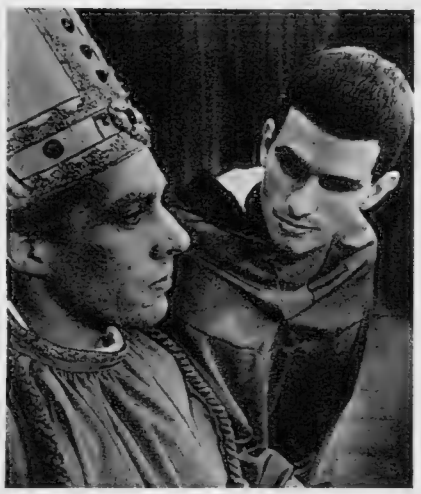
THE FINISHED MAN (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 18s.) is by an American writer, Mr. George Garrett, and it is concerned with the business of political electioneering in one of the southern States where, apparently, politics form a kind of separate and indigenous industry. They are also far from clean, with the result, as far as the fascinated reader is concerned, that half the interest lies in the mutations of character and destiny and half—at least—in the exposition of the methods used to swing a senatorial election. Mr. Garrett allows himself a tiny hope for the human race, or rather for that tiny proportion of it which cannot be bought and sold at the hustings, but the mood of his exciting novel is pessimistic on the whole. Good, though, and confidently to be recommended to those who know how much drama has always lain in the wings of a stage.

Catherine Christian, in A STRANGER PASSED (Barrie and Rockliff. 18s.), has succeeded in writing with great freshness and conviction about one of the most be-fictioned incidents in the whole of French history: the affair of Marie Antoinette's diamond necklace. The events which preceded the French Revolution and cast their menacing, inevitable shadows have been written about for almost as many years as have lapsed since then, and this especial and, as it turned out, diabolical plot has always had its due place in the historical reconstructions. Catherine Christian's version, however, has an immediacy which may well make one feel that this is the first version and very welcome are such new, clear eyes on an old mystery.

Vernon Fane

THEATRE

Bernard Miles as Galileo and Michael Platt as Andrea discuss the place of the earth in the Universe



Michael Griffiths and Geoffrey Rose—The Pope and Cardinal Inquisitor

THE LIFE OF GALILEO

at the Mermaid Theatre in Blackfriars

Bertold Brecht's major historical play can be seen in London until August 6, on its first run in England. Before he died in 1956, Brecht was the architect of a theatrical revolution in Germany: his work is marked by a cool didacticism, opposed to the emotional involvement of most western drama. *The Life of Galileo* is an exposition. It deals with the astronomer's working life, from his first discoveries which led him to substantiate the Copernican theory that the earth revolved round the sun, through his recantation before the Inquisition, to his old age. There is little about Galileo's private life and the audience's sense of detachment is reinforced by captions projected on a screen and choral interludes. The production follows that of Brecht's own company, the Berliner Ensemble.

The Carnival scene—Galileo has become a heroic figure to the common people

LEADERS OF
BRITISH INDUSTRY

Photographed by
Tom Hustler

Sir Miles Thomas

Behind Sir Miles Thomas, Chairman of Monsanto Chemicals Limited, towers Monsanto House in Victoria Street, London. A man with a vast knowledge of engineering and transport and of the Commonwealth, Sir Miles has been elected as overall Chairman of the International Outdoor Advertising Convention in Toronto, starting on July 11. William Miles Webster Thomas was born in 1897. During his school-days he decided he was particularly interested in engineering and transport. He served his time as a premium pupil in a Birmingham firm and, when the First World War broke out, joined an armoured car squadron. Having fought in the East African campaign, he transferred to the Royal Flying Corps, flew on operations in Mesopotamia, Persia and South Russia, and was awarded the D.F.C. After the war he took up journalism, as the technical editor of motoring publications. In 1924, he met Lord Nuffield, then Mr. W. R. Morris, and joined him as adviser on sales promotion. By 1940 Miles Thomas was Managing Director and Vice-Chairman of the Nuffield Organisation. In 1941, he became Chairman of the Cruiser Tank Production Group and a member of the Government's Advisory Committee. He was knighted in 1943. After the war, Sir Miles was engaged in the expansion of Commonwealth interests. He then went to B.O.A.C., becoming Chairman in 1949, from which post he resigned in 1956. The same year he was first appointed a director of Monsanto, then Chairman. Sir Miles became Chairman of the Development Corporation for Wales in 1958 and of the British Productivity Council in 1959. He is married with a son and daughter. His hobbies are shooting, photography and "messing about in the garden."

AN ODD KIND OF BOOM

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

A cynic once likened the management of a very large industry from the top to driving a large, expensive but rather old car along a winding road. The driver has a dashboard full of gauges and instruments, and a fine array of controls; nevertheless, progress is somewhat erratic. When he presses the accelerator and pulls his left hand down, sometimes the car goes faster and turns to the left; sometimes it doesn't. Sometimes it goes faster when he hasn't put his foot down; sometimes the brake works to slow the car very quickly, sometimes hardly at all. This is an anxious, even nerve-racking ride; but the driver is trying all the time to improve his judgment and skill and run the great vehicle better. What nobody likes to tell him is that most of the swerves and changes in speed that occur are due to changes in the gradient and banked turns in the road: and that most of his instruments and controls aren't really connected to the engine or wheels at all.

Whether that is true or not of top management in an over-big business, it has often appeared true, since the war, of trying to run the whole economy. The Labour Party, which was ambitious about doing so, and inherited an elaborate apparatus of wartime controls, enthusiastically called the exercise "economic planning"; this did not make their practice any more effective, and merely brought the term "planning" into disrepute. When the Conservatives took over nearly ten years ago, they spent some years dismantling a number of the more personally irritating of those controls, and tried to leave British business a good deal more to its own devices; nevertheless, they fairly soon found they needed to go through much the same exercises to combat inflation, improve our trade balance, and promote capital investment.

They preferred to call this "responsibility for the broad management of supply and demand in the economy" rather than "planning"; but it employs much the same techniques, though with different emphasis. It is actually done by much the same set of people in the Treasury, and has, with practice over the years, tended to be done rather more skilfully, with more hope of getting the desired result. Nevertheless, the results remain inherently uncertain. The official decision to raise the bank rate again last week, to increase the compulsory "special deposits" that the clearing banks have to make with the Bank of England, and to stabilise public investment, were designed to keep the economy steady, but their effects remain to be seen.

Nor is this uncertainty of judgment about what is going on in the British economy confined merely to the gentlemen in Whitehall. The London Stock Exchange, movements on which represent a consensus of more and less informed opinion about what is happening and going to happen to British business, in constant session, can usually be seen to "call the turn" a good deal more accurately than any single learned economist. But a couple of weeks ago, on the expectation that the economy was slipping into inflation and that the Chancellor of the Exchequer would have to put new restraints on credit, it suddenly marked industrial shares downwards from the little rally that had been. The next day came the news that Hoover, in spite of all the tales that restrictions on hire purchase were hardly affecting business, had been affected enough to sack 800 workers, 10 per cent. of its whole labour force. The stock market, suddenly alarmed that the industrial boom might be fading away, marked shares down again—acting in the same way, on consecutive days, for what appeared to be opposite reasons. And when the measures of restraint came a week later, the Stock Exchange was still surprised by their extent.

What does industry, which, after all, is engaged in the boom, seem to think? From my own conversations with managers over the last few months, I should be inclined to think that they have been harder to convince than investors and politicians that the British economy is yet in a roaring boom; but that they remain rather more optimistic that production can go on rising.

Labour has become generally as short as ever, with the number of people unemployed once again no larger than the number of vacancies on offer at employment exchanges; skilled labour, in particular, is very hard to find, and firms are not above sending personnel experts round the country to do what "poaching" they can, which is a perfectly reasonable form of competition, though irritating to the firm that loses the skilled people. But not nearly as many firms are working to full capacity as probably were at the height of the boom in 1955; and this is still rather an odd kind of boom, in which the hectic activity is concentrated in certain industries, with a few others very short of business and the majority in between prospering but not impossibly pressed.

In this boom, unlike the one of a few years ago, there are some industries still deep in depression. Mr. Arthur Robens, for example, will be succeeding Sir James Bowman in top responsibility for a coal industry which after three years of cutting output can as yet see no firm signs of any upturn in demand. The shipbuilders have not greatly slackened their rate of activity; but they are steadily getting closer and closer to the end of their order books, with nothing like enough orders for new ships coming in to make up for those that go down the slipways—and which often, as soon as they are handed over to the owners who were so anxious to order them three years ago, sail straight off to be laid up.

Quite a number of builders of specialised machinery and heavy capital plant are far from busy; although capital expenditure by the steel industry has gone up considerably, big spenders such as oil and chemicals have trimmed their rate of investment, and even the electricity supply industry is not ordering new power stations, nuclear or conventional, at the rate it was some years ago. The makers of machine tools, for the most part, are very busy, because their biggest customer is the motor industry, which is pressing forward its plans for expansion at the same time as its current output goes on breaking records; but even here, one or two companies have been cutting back output, for lack of components or, in the case of Vauxhall, because exports are not running quite so rapidly as last year.

Britain's export performance, indeed, is one of the anxieties which have led the Chancellor into putting further mild restrictions on demand at home. The latest figures show that exports, which certainly reached a record value in May, nevertheless rose a little less than is normal for the time of year; since the beginning of 1960 they have been substantially higher than in 1959, but not rising much further. And our imports, on the other hand, have gone on rising, as one would expect them to when industrial activity has been going up, people have been rebuilding their stocks, and consumers have been taking advantage of a considerably wider assortment of imported goods in the shops.

The boom in the home market has been concentrated, so far, on cars and durable consumer goods; the question is whether restrictions on hire purchase are yet slowing sales very much. Hoover's evidence seems pretty clear—and dramatically presented. But some other manufacturers, and some of the finance houses which are engaged in hire purchase, suggest that this experience may not be entirely general; there has been a great increase in competition in the market for durable consumer goods such as washing machines, particularly from Continental brands, and as the largest producer Hoover may well have felt this more than others. The evidence is conflicting; certain makers say they are selling all they can make; others say sales have slackened somewhat but not to the point of laying-off labour. Retailers tend, in public, to sound more pessimistic; and with large stocks of these appliances in the shops, any slackening in trade might cause bigger cuts in orders. With most appliances like these, the increase to a deposit of 20 per cent. is not what deters customers; but the regulation which makes it necessary to pay in two years for what before could be spread over four does almost double the weight of repayments on weekly income.

In the second-hand car trade the hire-purchase restrictions seem to have made many buyers settle for smaller or less expensive cars than they had had in mind. By reducing demand there, it has affected the trade in new cars, if only because one gets less on trading a car in now than the same model would have fetched a couple of months ago. But so far the restrictions do not seem to have reduced the number of new cars actually being sold; waiting lists for the most popular models were so large that if one customer decides not to take delivery there is another behind him to take the vehicle. What the restrictions have done is to reduce waiting lists very considerably; by the autumn, many people in the trade think, the buyer is likely to have a much more abundant choice of cars on more or less immediate delivery than he has had for some years, including most of the new models which came in with such a splash last year but for which the waiting lists immediately lengthened.

In the short run, most businessmen would probably agree, there was reason for some further restraint to be put on demand at home, if only because it may direct more effort into exporting our products during the autumn, when the balance of payments often becomes dangerously weak for this country. But many of them think equally that by the end of the year, if not before, the time may come to take off the brake and put a little pressure on the accelerator—assuming that the mechanisms that the Treasury commands to regulate the economy can be described in anything as clear-cut and definite as those two words.

In the United States, which at the turn of this year was predicting a boom and a rise to record levels of output, the mood has since changed rapidly; in the last few weeks the monetary authorities have judged it necessary to give business a little encouragement, actually before any downturn has shown itself. Mr. Heathcoat Amory may well feel that this latter set of problems, should Britain soon be needing the same medicine, will be for his successor rather than himself, as he seems unwilling at any rate to stay in office as long as the next Budget. But up or down as the need may be, and uncertain as the instruments of policy may be, the need for fine adjustment in this finely-balanced economy seems to be here to stay.

The second of the new locks of the St. Lawrence Seaway, going upstream, is the Côte Ste. Catherine Lock. It was built to by-pass the Lachine Rapids, which are on left of the picture

THE CANADIAN INDUSTRIAL SCENE

Ninety-three years ago the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada (Ontario and Quebec), Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, were united into a Dominion. On Friday (July 1) the High Commissioner had arranged a reception for Canadians at Guildhall in London, and the world over Canadians celebrated Dominion Day. Progress in this land of opportunity, particularly during recent years, has been remarkable. An indication of the growth of Canada can be gained from its revenue. Since 1950 the total income has risen by over 2,000,000,000 dollars, achieving an all time " high " in 1957 of over 5,000,000,000 dollars. This advance has stemmed largely from a phenomenal expansion in industry. In recent years Canada has changed from a country chiefly producing and exporting primary products, to one that is increasingly producing and exporting manufactured goods. These manufactured articles are to-day responsible for about 30 per cent. of the value of all goods produced, and Canada has become one of the world's most important manufacturing countries. But the real significance of the progress lies in the wide range of industries concerned.

The largest export is newsprint, and the net value of the wood and paper group of industries has risen by 81 per cent. in the last ten years. Energy sources are abundant and of a great variety. There are large coal resources, and water-power is widely distributed. Canada is rapidly becoming self-sufficient in oil and gas, has more than doubled its mineral output in the past decade and is a leading source of uranium ore. Atomic power for industrial use is being explored. As regards agriculture, the farms are steadily increasing their output, and at the same time costs are being cut. Mechanisation and other improvements are making agriculture more financially rewarding.

Asbestos is being mined at Thetford Mines, Quebec

Aluminium ingots are stacked for shipment ; 85 per cent. of Canada's aluminium is exported

A pall of black smoke rises above the prairies of Edmonton, Alberta, as oil is struck. The finding of oil among the wheat fields on the prairies is a common occurrence to-day

Newsprint—the chief Canadian export—is loaded at Montreal

Also at Montreal, hundreds of Ferguson tractors are ready for export

An aerial view of the new B.B.C. Television Centre at Wood Lane. The seven studios are housed in the circular central block, and on the left is the scenery block

THE B.B.C.'s NEW "FACTORY"

On June 29 the B.B.C. Television Service was due to put on the air the first programme from its new £10,000,000 Television Centre at Wood Lane, Shepherds Bush. Earlier in June, Mr. Gerald Beadle, Director of B.B.C. Television, described the Centre as "the largest and best equipped factory of its kind in the world." He added: "It is the wonder and envy of television operators from every country in the world." For nearly twenty-five years the B.B.C. had produced its television programmes from studios all over the country, which were housed in adapted buildings, originally built for completely different purposes. This new Centre will be able to produce some 1,500 hours of programmes a year—which is half the present requirement of the Corporation's Television Service. The other half will come from sources outside the Centre. In the event of any substantial increase in transmission hours, more programmes would have to be produced away from the Centre, and this would also apply if the Centre should begin to transmit colour television.

The Wood Lane Centre consists of a large circular block with two buildings radiating from it. Another outside block is planned, and a "spur" is to be added to the northern end of the Centre at a later date. The Main block contains seven studios, two presentation studios, technical areas, dressing rooms, offices, and a central garden. Studio three is the first to be operational, and the opening programme was scheduled to be presented from it. The two adjoining blocks house the Television Design Department, which is concerned with sets and scenery, and a restaurant. As a result of experience gained from working in existing studios, many innovations have been adopted at Wood Lane. Higgs and Hill Limited were the main contractors for the superstructure of the main block, scenery and restaurant blocks; and George Wimpey and Company Limited for the foundations and retaining walls of the main block. The architect for the Centre was Mr. Graham Dawbarn, of Norman and Dawbarn, who worked in conjunction with the B.B.C. Consulting Civil Engineer, Mr. M. T. Tudsbery.

The statue of Helios which stands in the central garden

An impressive array of technical equipment is seen in Studio 3, from which the first programme was to be transmitted

Part of the production control room, and (right) the scenery painting dock

WOMEN IN BUSINESS

ANN FORD

The sole woman fashion director in the hosiery industry is interviewed by ***Josephine Parfitt***

" My success was marrying my husband." This is how Mrs. Ann Ford, a woman of unusual candour, likes to shrug off her business achievements. The accounts of Mr. Philip Howard Ford's " Bear Brand " stocking manufacturing company are more informative. In the two and a half years since his wife joined the firm as fashion director, becoming the only woman in Britain to hold such a position in the hosiery industry, net profits have soared from £25,000 to more than six times that figure. The dividend has gone up from 7½ to 15 per cent. in the same period. Dark-haired, dynamic Mrs. Ford, an attractive woman whose conversation is spiced with earthy humour, and whose movements display the sinuous vitality of a greyhound, clearly falls into the category of bosses' wives who do a good deal more for the firm than adorn the boardroom.

She was born in the Mile End Road an unspecified number of years ago, holding that " My age is my business." And with a faintly truculent air, she declares that she did " absolutely nothing " between the time she left school and her marriage in 1947. She and her husband have no children; since she joined the firm she has lavished on it as much time and attention as a doting mother gives to her brood.

Like many industries geared to the spinning-wheel of women's fashions, hosiery is highly competitive. It is also, according to Mrs. Ford, " tough, masculine, hard-headed and cold-blooded." At a period in the nylon age when, as a recent piece of market research pointed out, " women are bored with buying stockings," eye-catching new ideas, styles and colours count for a good deal in persuading wavering customers towards the wares of a particular firm among those of perhaps twenty others temptingly set out on the new-style self-service stocking counters. One of her first acts as fashion director was to design a series of bold, technicoloured envelope packs in which the firm's famous bear symbol is banished to the back and a slip-in front depicts, under the cellophane, glamorously hosed women enjoying the gay life in one or other of the States of America. " To most women, America means stocking fashion," explains Mrs. Ford. The idea was so successful that competitors promptly copied, even to the point where the Fords had to consider taking legal action to stop them.

Mrs. Ford in her Liverpool office. She divides her time between London and Liverpool

Under the new fashion director, the firm's leg lines have been increased to cover twenty-four ranges of stockings and twenty-nine different colours. One of the latest ideas is her " Nuclear " range, made of a type of nylon yarn that refracts light, imparting a faint shimmer to stockings named to suit the space age: " Martian Bronze," " Saturn Pink," or " Lunik." They appeal particularly to the large, fashion-conscious teenage section of the public. It was Mrs. Ford, too, who first re-introduced silk stockings for summer (when many women find nylon uncomfortable) in pale, flattering shades instead of the unfashionable darker colours offered by other firms. This was the result of a survey published on the Woman's Page of *The Times* of silk stockings available in a number of leading London stores. Several stocking manufacturers read the survey. Mrs. Ford, the only woman director among them, was also the only one who acted on it, instead of producing sweet, reasonable explanations of why it would be impracticable to include another colour in the silk stocking range.

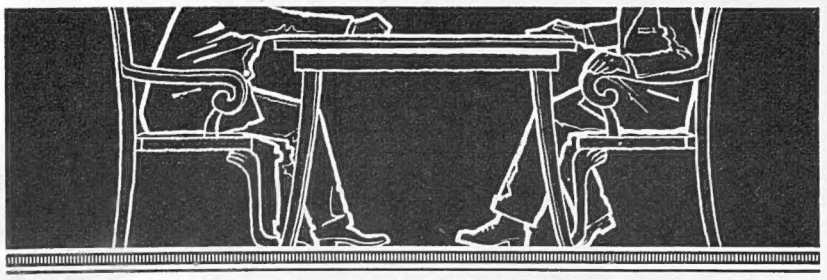
An impressive quality about this go-ahead woman is her emphatic acknowledgment of her debt and responsibility to the company's 2,500 employees. " Success as such means nothing to me," she insists. " I just get a kick out of doing the job. But don't forget all the people who help me to do it. I can't knit a pair of stockings. I can't run a machine. And I never make big decisions without consulting my husband as well as the other people who can teach me the things I don't know. Of course, I'm glad that what I've done so far has gone well but I also know that I wouldn't be on the board if it hadn't."

Mrs. Ford expresses decided views on men, women and business. " Women give everything they 've got to a job: three times as much as men. They have to. A woman in a top position doesn't panic. If she did, she wouldn't be there. When a man blows his top people say ' poor thing, he's overworked.' When a woman does the same, they say, ' she 's a fool, of course.' There 's a place for women in all industries, provided they 're not fluffy. You can be unfeminine and still be a woman, if you see what I mean. All my assistants are men, and I treat them quite cold-bloodedly, as units. They 're doing a job. I 'm doing a job. Neither of us would be here if we weren't doing it properly."

Doing it properly involves Mrs. Ford, like most really active directors, in long working hours and a tremendous amount of travelling both here and abroad. She divides her time between two homes and two offices, in London and Liverpool, escaping with her husband at week-ends to their third and favourite home in North Wales, an ancient house complete with ghost. In 1958, she went to America to keep an eye on stocking fashions there, and last year she went on a business trip to Russia. Characteristically, she made the journey entirely alone, on a Russian ship. She likes to nose around new places unhampered by an entourage.

" It 's a grind," says Ann Ford. " Work, work, work. And when we 've finished, Philip and I talk business most of the time. We hardly ever stop talking business. I don't go to parties, I don't go to dinner at smart restaurants, I 'm not seen at first nights. And the reason is this: by the time I 've finished at night I don't feel like entering for the female fashion stakes, in hot competition with women who 've had nothing to do all day but lie in a salon and be massaged or have their hair done. All I want to do is go to a little café round the corner and read a book."

On these occasions, away from it all, Ann Ford reads chiefly poetry and what she calls " peculiar books," for she is interested in white magic. But there is nothing magical in her business flair. That comes from inborn Cockney shrewdness and quickness of mind, combined with a blunt, common-sense way of getting to grips with anything from a balance sheet to an awkward buyer. When I asked her the inevitable question about why nylons, after all these years of research, still show a high rate of laddering, her reply was typically crisp: " Because most women have terrible toenails. Their hands are glamorous and gorgeous, but their feet are just like old artichokes."



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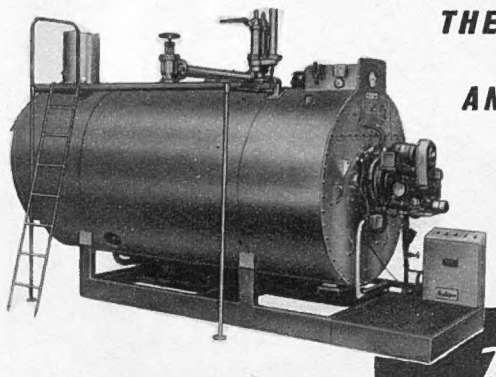

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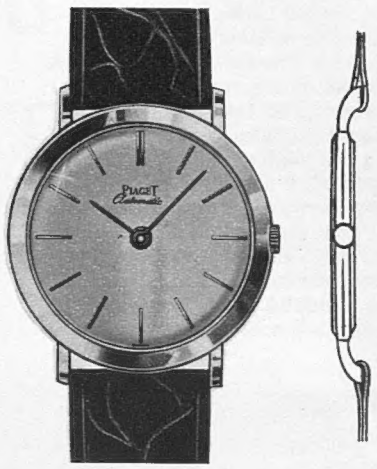

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GARDEN PARTY

Last week, on a glorious midsummer evening, some 500 guests attended a garden party given by the Cement and Concrete Association at their research station in the Buckinghamshire countryside. The party was held at Wexham Springs, near Stoke Poges, and the guests included architects and engineers. It was one of the biggest social events ever held at the centre, which was taken over by the Association in 1946. To-day, the nineteenth-century house is used mainly as offices. In the spacious grounds there are laboratories for the research departments; a demonstration hall and a building intended primarily for the training courses. An additional building is also under construction. Throughout the research station, which caters for a considerable number of visitors during the year, there are many examples of the uses of concrete for decorative purposes. The terrace in front of the house includes precast concrete paving and edging, and in the newly-constructed "town garden" the shallow mirror pool is finished with black and green polished concrete tiling; the fountain sculpture is in precast concrete units. At the party all the buildings in the grounds were open for inspection by the guests.

On the terrace at Wexham Springs, in Buckinghamshire, during the garden party given by the Cement and Concrete Association

Sir Aubrey and Lady St. Clair-Ford are in the Association's newly-built "town garden"

Receiving the guests are the Hon. Leo Russell, Director-General of the Cement and Concrete Association, and Mr. E. W. Yetton. **Left** are Sir Thomas and Lady Moore, and **right** Mr. and Mrs. Morris de Metz. Mr. de Metz is the architect of Pembroke House, in London's City Road, and of the new offices for the Ministry of Transport. This will be one of Europe's largest office blocks

Many guests chose to have supper sitting on the lawns in front of the house

Mr. Yetton (left) joins Sir Gilbert Davis and other guests

Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Ingram House, 13–15, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2, and Printed in England by MARTLET PRESS LTD., 88–90, Old Kent Road, London, S.E.1.
SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1960. Second-Class Postage paid at New York, New York.

Michael Joseph

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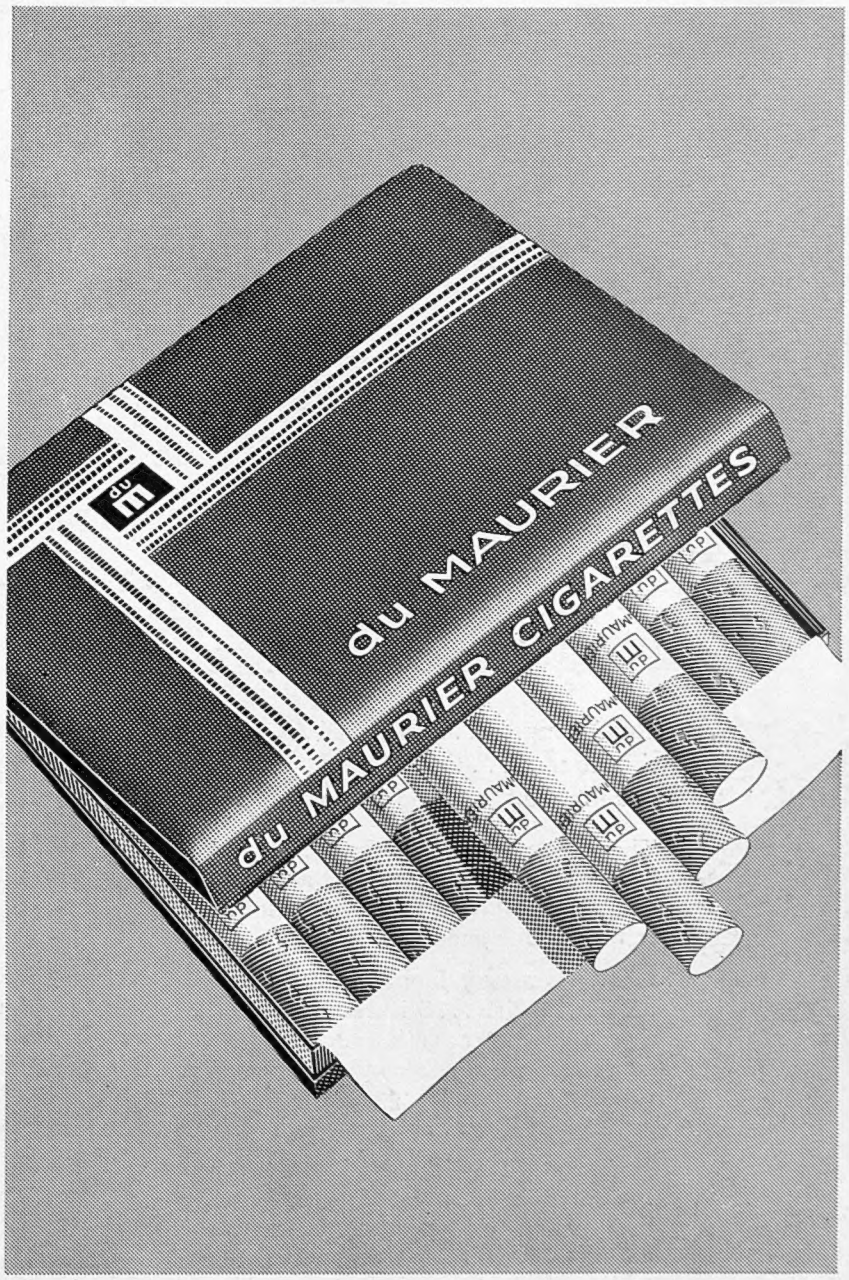

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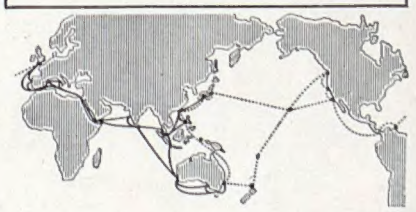

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